



Von Gogh, *The Storry Night*, Museum of Modern Art, New York

Together

FOR METHODIST FAMILIES / DECEMBER 1965

In this issue:

Where Is Christ Today? / Abstinence...With Temperance / Is Your Goodness Gracious?



*The minister joins the crowd at Mutt's bar:
"I talked to Mutt. He runs a clean place...and has
given away more orders for coal and food, probably, than
any church in the neighborhood. He's no phony—the
guy really cares. He introduced me to some
of the new people there that night."*

Christmas Eve at Fletcher Place

ALL DAY long, while a cold rain fell on Indianapolis, the lurid neon signs along Fletcher Place had beckoned with sullen insistence, offering the poor in spirit an alcoholic version of Christmas cheer.

At 9:45 that evening, the Rev. V. Miller Newton entered one of the taverns. Speaking first with the proprietor, he moved along the bar and tables, exchanging greetings.

Less than an hour later he was back in the street, leading a torchlight procession of church members through the slum area near the city's heart. Some residents came to their doors to hear the carols sung by the church group; others stopped on street corners or peered out of taverns. The marchers, knocking on doors, sometimes found scenes of heartbreaking poverty.

Crime, delinquency, alcoholism, and prostitution are rampant where Fletcher Place Methodist Church, sponsor of the Christmas Eve procession, once was the social and religious center of a well-to-do neighborhood. In 1963, when Mr. Newton became pastor, the old church was inactive, standing aside as if in revulsion.

The young minister, who recently left Fletcher Place for a full-time position with the national poverty program, put the church on the streets. An Outpost was organized near a tavern. The old community-center program was revitalized, and the church worked closely with civic leaders. The congregation grew and became more representative of the area.

"We have prostitutes who sometimes attend church," Mr. Newton said last Christmas Eve. "We have teen-age gang leaders. We have all sorts of left-out, unemployed, troubled people. Our work is everywhere. We want to do more than preach. We want to help."

The church's procession of lights on a Christmas Eve was symbolic, he said, of a new missionary attitude toward people.

"It was Christmas, the birthday of Christ, and we wanted to knock on doors and wish the people well," the pastor explained. "There was no phony 'Merry Christmas!' attitude. We wanted the people to know that somebody did care enough to get out and say: 'You know, we do care about you!'" —H. B. Teeter

*"It was Christmas Eve—and someb
remembered. We entered their loneliness,
utter dreariness of their lives, for a
moments, and wished them we*



The procession ends, and marchers enter the church for a Communion service conducted by their pastor, the Rev. V. Miller Newton (left, below). When the young minister arrived in 1963, membership had dropped to about 50 people; then it began to increase as the church actively related itself to the complex socioeconomic problems of the old neighborhood.



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Is thy heart right, as my heart is
with thine? Dost thou love and serve
God? It is enough, I give thee
the right hand of fellowship.
—John Wesley (1703-1791)

Together

For Methodist Families / December 1965



Van Gogh: Self Portrait

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After-Hour Jottings . . . We invite you to look at this month's cover. Far as we know, Vincent van Gogh did not have Christmas in mind when he painted *The Starry Night*, but we do know that the great 19th-century Dutch artist was an intensely religious and God-conscious man—at least before illness and irrationality beset his last days.

As a pioneer expressionist, Van Gogh painted what he *felt* rather than what he saw. His was a unique sensitivity to light and color as expressions of deep-felt emotion.

What are your feelings as you study this awesome movement of galaxies and stars, the unreal moon above a church steeple, the lunging hills, the writhing cypress looming there before a sleeping landscape?

This painting "is an ecstatic declaration of praise to God the Creator," says the *International Journal of Religious Education* in a special issue devoted to art in Christian education.

It is ironic, of course, that this can be said today of the tormented little man

TOGETHER—the Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families
Vol. IX. No. 12. Copyright © 1965, The Methodist Publishing House

Editorial Office: Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. Phone 299-4411.

Business, Subscription, and Advertising Offices: 201 Eighth Avenue, S., Nashville, Tenn. 37203. Phone CHapel 2-1621.

TOGETHER is published monthly by The Methodist Publishing House at 201 Eighth Ave., South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203, where second-class postage has been paid. **Subscription:** \$5 a year in advance, single copy 50¢. **Together Church Plan** subscriptions through Methodist churches are \$2.52 per year, cash in advance, or 63¢ per quarter, billed quarterly. **Change of**

Address: Five weeks advance notice is required. Send old and new addresses and label from current issue to Subscription Office. **Advertising:** For rates, write to the Advertising Office. **Manuscripts:** Authors should enclose postage for return and address all editorial correspondence to the Editorial Office.



TOGETHER continues the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE which was founded in 1826 as "an entertaining, instructive, and profitable family visitor." It is an official organ of The Methodist Church. Because of freedom given authors, opinions may not reflect official concurrence. The contents of each issue are indexed in the METHODIST PERIODICAL INDEX.

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TASTES SO GOOD AND SO GOOD FOR YOU

who knew only failure and frustration during his brief lifetime (1853-1890). The son of a Calvinist minister, he failed as a young missionary preacher who voluntarily lived and worked in semistarvation among Belgian miners. He sold only one of his paintings before he died 75 years ago. Today these same canvases are worth millions of dollars.

Perhaps you will find your own special meaning in *The Starry Night*.

We can assure you . . . the heavens don't take on a Van Gogh appearance to another of our contributors, **James W. Reid**, author of *The Bible: Window to Modern Science* [page 18]. His view is



Mr. Reid

that of astronomer and mathematician as well as believer. Mr. Reid, an engineer at General Electric's Space Technology Center, Valley Forge, Pa., is an active Methodist layman. He writes such articles as *The Plasma Jet: Research at 25,000 Degrees Fahrenheit and High Temperature Heat Transfer to Cylinders* for professional journals; holds at least four patents; has a wife and four children; and likes gardening and reading.

Nor will you find a great deal of similarity between a Van Gogh sky and that painted by **Morris Dollens** to illustrate Mr. Reid's article. Mr. Dollens' work is symbolic, rather than expressionist. He has painted hundreds of space-age pictures, but says he spends "part of my time servicing precision miniature tape and wire recorders for broadcast and investigative use . . ."

For almost 10 years now . . . we've been around to see the manuscripts come in at the rate of some 4,000 a year, and we are still impressed by the varied backgrounds of TOGETHER's contributors. Our writers cut across the fields of human activity, from convicts to ministers, housewives to engineers, theologians to college students, missionaries to athletes and teachers. They are Methodists, Catholics, Presbyterians, Congregationalists—you name the denomination.

When a Presbyterian minister has something to say, as does the Rev. **William L. Woodall**, he finds no ecumenical lines drawn here, as witness his *No Room in the Inn* [page 43]. Mr. Woodall has not always found this to be true, although he is the author of three books and several hundred short stories. One denominational publication, accepting an article from him, requested a biographical sketch. The editors, apparently not wanting the readers to know that he was a Presbyterian minister, asked what educational experience he had had.

"I told them I once drove a school bus, so they printed that!"

It wouldn't have made any difference, either . . . if **Miss Orene Elizabeth Burt** had not been a Methodist. Never have we read a more searching, provocative article from one who was still in her teens when she wrote *King-Size Queen* [page 54].

She gives us unbounded reassurance that the future is in good hands.

There is a postscript that supports our confidence in Miss Burt, now a speech major at Sacramento State College. In 1963, shortly after we accepted the article, her mother wrote us: "This summer our daughter was involved in an auto accident. Her face is badly scarred. . . . Her sense of humor and her inimitable spirit never failed her, however. Her lips were sewed together with stitches, but drinking through a straw, she brought up the old gag: 'It only hurts when I laugh!'"



Miss Burt

So, once again . . . someone, somewhere, was careless, and there was another victim of mutilation on our highways. The obvious thing to do here, then, is to recommend a thoughtful reading of *That Certain Birthday* by **Edna W. Chandler** on pages 31-32.

Mrs. Chandler tells us she hopes "some mention could be made in a footnote or something that this article was written with the co-operation of the driver-education class of El Camino High School, Sacramento, Calif." Glad to, Ma'am.

So Christmas is more . . . than holly wreaths, flimsy baubles, mistletoe, and presents under the tree. That is true, we think, from Van Gogh's *The Starry Night*, to the center pages which ask, with a variety of moving photographs, *Where Is Christ Today?* [pages 35-42].

The message is there, we think, all the way to the final picture which our camera-minded readers may be wondering about. How did photographer **Joe Covello** get that picture of one man looking lonely in a crowd?

Well, it was snapped during the rush hour in Grand Central Station, New York City. Mr. Covello used a hexagonal prism mounted in a tube; and he shifted the prism back and forth to get the effect he desired. —YOUR EDITORS

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

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The Church in Action

EUB-Methodist Union:

The Plan Is Ready

THE TASK of writing a plan to unite The Methodist Church and the Evangelical United Brethren Church into a single new denomination is virtually complete. Architects of the proposed United Methodist Church now face the job of convincing voting delegates of the two communions that the plan is the best one possible, and that the basic idea of forming a new church is sound.

Time, however, is short. In only 11 months, the proposed plan of union will be put to vote at a special session of the Methodist General Conference and also at a regular quadrennial session of the EUB General Conference. The two bodies will be meeting separately but simultaneously early next November in Chicago's huge Conrad Hilton Hotel, and the proposed union will be the chief agenda item at both gatherings. If the plan passes both assemblies and subsequently is approved by delegates of the more than 150 annual conferences of both denominations meeting in 1967, a Uniting Conference would be held in 1968.

The Basic Parts: Except for a few points, the plan of union was completed last September by the 37-member joint commission which has handled the negotiations.

The documents include a proposed *Discipline* for the new church and so-called "enabling legislation" which spells out the mechanics of how union is to be accomplished. Within the *Discipline* are three major sections. Part I consists of a historical statement about both churches, along with Methodism's Articles of Religion, the EUBs' comparable Confes-

sion of Faith, and the historically significant General Rules of John Wesley's Societies. None of the three has been altered since fundamental beliefs of the two churches are considered in harmony.

Part II of the *Discipline* is the proposed new Constitution, a relatively brief document which sets forth the basic pattern for the proposed United Methodist Church. Part III, by far the bulkiest section, deals with details of organization and administration at all levels.

Parts I and II already are being distributed to pastors and other church leaders. Part III now is being perfected by executive committees and editors and is expected to be published next April. Other materials explaining the plan are in preparation, the first to be distributed early in 1966.

From the EUB standpoint, the task of rallying support for the union is largely one of overcoming fears that the smaller denomination (about 800,000 members worldwide) would be swallowed up—and quietly digested—by the Methodist colossus (11 million members). Methodist proponents of the plan have a different problem: arousing the interest of their delegates to give the matter serious and detailed consideration.

One Vote—Yea or Nay: Backers of Methodist-EUB union face the reality that when the ballots are cast in the 1967 annual conferences, each delegate will vote only once—yea or nay. Amendment of the documents in these scattered meetings is not possible. On this "take it or leave it" basis, some delegates may be tempted to vote "no" on the entire package simply because they dislike some part. Some such obstacles might be:

- 1. *The name.* Methodism's 1964 General Conference expressed its desire that the name, "The Methodist Church," be retained in the united church. EUB negotiators insisted, however, that a new name is needed as a clear symbol that the union does not represent the mere absorption of their church into Methodism. The proposed Constitution establishes "The United Methodist Church," but it specifically provides that in other than legal documents, the name, "The Methodist Church," could continue to be used. It would not be necessary for any church, either Methodist or EUB, to change title to its property.

- 2. *Life tenure of bishops.* U.S. Methodist practice of electing bishops for life is spelled out in the new Constitution. Since EUBs now elect their episcopal leaders for four-year terms, this procedure

A September meeting in Chicago was one of the last work sessions for 37 Methodists and EUBs who drafted the plan to unite their churches.



may draw some EUB opposition. However, historical EUB practice has been to reelect bishops until they reach retirement age. The Constitution provides that the seven EUB bishops be assigned on the basis of two each to the new church's Northeastern and North Central Jurisdictions (where most EUBs live) and one each to the Southeastern, South Central, and Western Jurisdictions.

- 3. *Election of district superintendents.* Methodist bishops appoint superintendents, while EUB annual conferences elect theirs. The Methodist system is written into the proposed Constitution. This, too, will displease some EUB voters.

- 4. *Race.* The Methodist-EUB negotiators say they have met requirements of the "Kirk Amendment," adopted by the 1964 Methodist General Conference, in avoiding any reference in the proposed new *Discipline* to what remains of the Central (Negro) Jurisdiction. But Dr. W. Astor Kirk, who offered the amendment, contends that a racially segregated structure would be perpetuated in The United Methodist Church, since the plan of union sets no time limit on the continued existence of Negro annual conferences—even after they have been absorbed into the regional jurisdictions of the new church. Some Central Jurisdiction leaders had suggested a one-year deadline for merging all Central Jurisdiction churches into conferences of the regional jurisdictions.

Charles Parlin, secretary of the Methodist negotiating commission, said his group still hopes that the Central Jurisdiction will have gone out of existence through procedures of Methodism's Amendment IX (as the 1964 General Conference asked) before the EUB union comes to its final vote.

If this has not been accomplished by September 1, 1967, the General Conference directed its Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations to draft a report to the 1968 General Conference on how to terminate the Central Jurisdiction. Mr. Parlin argues that for the Methodist-EUB joint commission to write a plan of abolition into The United Methodist Church Constitution would be a usurpation of authority given to another agency.

There are indications, however, that some Methodist leaders may attempt to organize forces against the EUB-Methodist union as a demonstration of their insistence that racial desegregation should be the first order of Methodist business—before union.

Less controversial items in the proposed plan of union include these:

- 1. *EUB churches in Canada.* As presently written, the plan places the 10,000 EUB members in Ontario province in the Northeastern Jurisdic-

tion of the new church. The 3,500 members in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia would join the Western Jurisdiction. But the Canadian EUBs may choose before 1968 to unite with other Canadian churches, or to remain independent.

- 2. *The 12-year rule.* To ensure that EUB voices will be heard at all important levels in the new church, in which they would be outnumbered by about 14 to 1, the plan of union guarantees that former EUBs will hold a designated percentage of seats on general, jurisdictional, and annual conference boards and agencies during early years of union. During the first quadrennium, the pattern generally would be to grant EUBs double the representation which would be expected on a strictly numerical basis. Also during the first 12 years, EUB annual conferences could continue to maintain their boundaries, electing district superintendents and delegates to jurisdictional and general conferences. It is hoped that many overlapping Methodist and EUB conferences will be merged early in the 12-year period. As this happens, the required ratios of EUB representation will be scaled down.

- 3. *Dual commitments.* Recognizing that Methodists and EUBs presently maintain varying relationships with overseas churches through mission enterprises, the plan of union provides that The United Methodist Church would honor all obligations which the two denominations now have. By the same principle, the united church would recognize both the Methodist Student Movement and the interdenominational United Campus Christian Fellowship (through which EUB campus ministries are channeled) as official student agencies.

- 4. *Councils on Local Church Program.* A new general church agency, the Council on Local Church Program, is included in the United Methodist plan. Adapted from present EUB structure, it would have counterparts at jurisdictional, annual conference, and local-church levels. Its aim is to avoid duplication in channels of promotion and to correlate and unify the total church program.

One Issue Unresolved: The Methodist and EUB negotiators have left one major issue unresolved—the question of whether there should be one or two orders of the ministry. Methodists recognize two: deacon and elder. EUBs have elders only. When the issue was brought before Methodism's 1964 General Conference, a decision was put off for four years and a study committee continued. Since the issue is still pending within Methodism, the Methodist-EUB commission agreed to leave it for General Confer-

ence decision. As now written, however, the plan of union presupposes the existence of only one order.

The Hinge: Union of the Methodist and EUB churches was a subject of speculation for several generations before the present effort began in 1958. Except for the language barrier between Methodists who spoke English and Evangelical and United Brethren who spoke German, the groups might have been one from the beginning. Today that barrier is gone. It remains to be seen if voting delegates of the two churches will act affirmatively on what the proposed United Methodist Constitution's preamble calls "the confident assurance that this act (union) is an expression of the oneness of Christ's people." □

Launch Urban Project

Church leaders agree that cities constitute the greatest mission challenge to the modern church. Revolutionary elements in American urbanization threaten the very existence of churches unless churchmen can mobilize a revolutionary response.

As one answer, Methodism has launched a major pilot project in New York City to train clergy and laity in new skills and insights for Christian mission in the inner city and the suburbs.

The Methodist Board of Missions initiated the Metropolitan-Urban Service Training (MUST) project as an ecumenical endeavor. Three professional workers and a 23-member board of directors, headed by Bishop W. Ralph Ward of Syracuse, N.Y., represent several denominations.

Dr. George W. Webber, United Church of Christ minister of the East Harlem Protestant Parish, recently was named chief executive of the project.

Only a small part of the \$600,000 in Methodist funds allocated for the urban experiment over a two-year period is earmarked for facilities. Headquarters is at New York's Biblical Seminary, and serving as "classrooms" will be apartments, business places, churches, community centers, and city streets.

The MUST program is designed to produce leaders for varied concerns, including: (1) how to reach people who find anonymity in high-rise apartment units; and (2) how to help Christians give effective witness in daily living—on the job, by social contacts, in politics.

Five main areas of training and involvement will confront the first full cadre of about 30 participants to be assembled next year. Among them:

- Small group involvement in facing the issues of daily Christian living.
- Engagement of those who may

distrust the Christian claim, or who once may have professed a faith but now reject it.

- Work assignments, physical labor, and other life-involvements suggested by imagination and careful planning.
- Depth study, using the best teaching techniques available.
- Participation in youth leadership projects, recreation programs, and community organization activities.

MUST workers will not live in cluster groups or near project headquarters. Training will be flexible to accommodate ministers and laymen who can give varying amounts of time to the venture.

Hurricane Betsy Appeal

The Rev. Grayson B. Watson awoke to the sound of lapping water at 3 a.m. in the parsonage of New Orleans' St. Claude Heights Methodist Church.

He stepped from his bed into knee-deep water, and while he and his wife groped in the dark to dress, it rose to their shoulders. They swam out the front door toward the second-story level of a school. On the way, they



At Triumph, La., down the Mississippi River below New Orleans, flood waters stood several feet deep in Trinity Methodist Church for a full week.

rescued two crying children, clinging to a telephone pole.

Such was the wrath of Hurricane Betsy which, leaving 71 dead and thousands homeless, was perhaps the most destructive in U.S. history. In its wake, Methodists across the nation contributed to a special fund to aid victims and restore churches. The appeal, authorized by the Council of Bishops and the Council on World Service and Finance, is still open.

As the tropical storm ripped across Florida and into Mississippi and Louisiana, many Methodist churches

and other properties received damage.

A Board of Missions survey team found a staggering toll in Louisiana: 8 churches destroyed; 50 others damaged; 30 educational units and 27 parsonages wiped out or partially wrecked; 6 Methodist-related institutions hard hit.

In Florida, 15 church properties were damaged and 2 churches condemned as a result of Betsy's fury.

Everywhere, pews, pianos, and carpets were ruined. Mississippi River muck covered buckling floors and banked against warped doors.

Uninsured verified losses of Methodist property reached in excess of a

half million dollars. Losses from high winds were covered by insurance, but not the damage from the "tidal surge" which followed. Churches, of course, are not eligible for federal disaster relief.

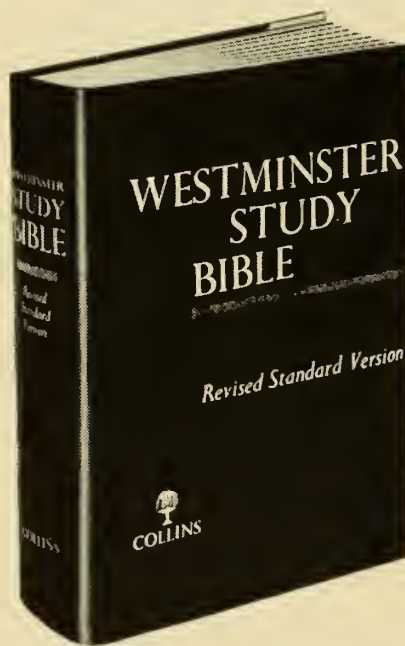
Hurricane Betsy Fund dollars went to work at once to assist congregations in restoring church property. Ministers are being helped to replace personal losses of clothing, autos, furniture, and household appliances.

Church officials emphasized that the need to replace and repair battered churches and parsonages is made more acute by members' heavy personal losses. "Our people will have to start

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their lives over again," lamented one Louisiana pastor.

Bishop Aubrey G. Walton of New Orleans, and Bishop Noah W. Moore, Jr., of Houston, who both inspected the flooded disaster area, pointed out that little financial assistance could be expected from families who lost their homes, businesses, and crops as well as their churches.

Club Converted to Church

Out of the ballroom went the bar, the bingo equipment, and the jukebox. In came a pulpit, makeshift altar, chairs, and—the next Sunday morning—members of what may be the only Methodist church anywhere which meets in a country club.

Complete with pool and tennis courts, Wedgwood Country Club in Fort Worth, Texas, now is the home of a new 130-member congregation which was organized earlier this autumn in a Jewish community center.

The club, valued at \$350,000, was signed over to the Fort Worth-West Board of Missions by a three-man partnership composed of a Methodist, a Lutheran, and a Jew, with the provision that a \$132,000 indebtedness be assumed.

"Naturally, we were glad to do it," says District Superintendent Hayden M. Edwards, who predicts that the church will develop "a unique, seven-day-a-week ministry to the entire community." Churchmen are making a study to determine how the recreational facilities can best be utilized.

The 9.8-acre hilltop site includes, besides the swimming pool and tennis courts, buildings with 14,000 square feet of floor space, and a paved parking lot. Architectural planners are studying physical alterations needed to give the tentatively named Wedgwood Church a sanctuary, fellowship hall, classrooms, and office space.

Credited with the original dream for a church on the site is Dr. Gaston Foote, pastor of Fort Worth's First Methodist Church. One of Wedgwood's former owners, Edward L. Baker, is in Dr. Foote's downtown congregation.

Aid India-Pakistan Victims

As hostilities continued between India and Pakistan, Methodist missionaries caught in the cross fire of the conflict were reported safe. Most of them remained at their posts.

Nine missionary women and a total of 16 children were evacuated to Tehran, Iran, from Lahore, the Pakistan trouble spot near the Indian border. But the men stayed at their stations.

Bishop Mangal Singh reported by telephone from New Delhi that the hospital at Ludhiana Christian Medi-

cal College had been requisitioned to care for Indian wounded. Missionaries also were treating battle and bombing victims at Clara Swain Hospital in Bareilly and Creighton-Freeman Christian Hospital in Vrindaban.

The Methodist Church has about 195 missionaries in India, 46 in Pakistan.

Christian relief agencies, including the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief (MCOR), swung quickly into action to aid civilians suffering in the India-Pakistan dispute.

Aid in both countries is distributed principally through interchurch channels, but Methodist dollars are serving both through MCOR funds earmarked for the area and undesignated support.

The Rev. Edwin Hackney, a Methodist missionary from North Carolina, has been assigned to full-time work in the relief effort.

Radio Series Introduced

Radio listeners in the United States began hearing the clipped British accent of the Rev. Eric Robinson, Methodism's *Man With the Mike*, in October after he returned from six



The tape recorder spins as Eric Robinson, globe-trotting 'Man With the Mike,' chats with children in an African village for radio broadcasts.

weeks in Africa, collecting interviews and human-interest stories.

Reporter-commentator Robinson talked with people ranging from government officials to children in the marketplace in his tour of Salisbury, N'Dola, Elisabethville, Luluabourg, Lodja, Léopoldville, Lagos, and Monrovia. Born in London and still a British citizen, he is a former Portland, Oreg., pastor and missionary to India and Ceylon.

As the *Man With the Mike* moved on to the West Coast and parts un-

known, the 10-part series was made available to one AM and one FM station in each city through the National Council of Churches' Broadcasting and Film Commission. The 4½-minute programs are designed for public service use five days a week.

"Purpose of the new series is to find Christians in action and . . . tell their stories to the public. We want to document the relevancy of the Christian faith in today's world," explains Nelson Price of Methodism's Television, Radio, and Film Commission. TRAFICO is producing the tape-recorded series.

Women Give \$209 Million

American Methodist women have given \$209 million in the last quarter century for missionary work at home and abroad, for Christian social relations, leadership training, spiritual development, and other Christian causes.

The figure was announced in a report prepared for the 25th anniversary of the Woman's Society of Christian Service, being observed this year. Anniversary events will be climaxed at the Seventh Assembly of the Woman's Society on May 12-15, 1966, at Portland, Oreg.

Of the \$209 million, almost \$13.5 million was contributed last year, the largest annual amount in the organization's history. Under the Woman's Division are 31,000 local Woman's Society units and 5,000 Wesleyan Service Guilds. Total membership in the two groups is 1,730,000.

Seek Integration Progress

Advisory councils of the Central and Southeastern Jurisdictions will ponder issues barring the way to racial integration of The Methodist Church in the South when they meet in their first joint session December 7-8, in Atlanta, Ga.

In approving the meeting agenda, the Central body authorized one person from each of the nine Central Jurisdiction states to work with a Southeastern representative in reporting racial progress at all church levels to the Atlanta meeting.

In addition, the Central Jurisdiction advisory council recommended a similar joint meeting with the South Central Jurisdiction and "recognized with favor" the conference transfers and mergers in the Northeastern and North Central Jurisdictions.

Dear Santa: Send a Jeep

"If you want to know what I need for Christmas, send a Jeep," a medical missionary in India jokingly wrote Dr. and Mrs. Paul Cooley of Swanton, Ohio.

The young physician looked at his

NEW AMERICAN TEMPERANCE PLAN

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At last—a new kind of hospitalization plan for you thousands who realize drinking and smoking are evil. Rates are fantastically low because “poor risk” drinkers and smokers are excluded. Since your health is superior there is no age limit, no physical examination, no waiting period. Only you can cancel your policy. No salesman will ever call. Starting the first day you enter any hospital, you will be paid \$14.28 a day.

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those who do?**

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**Our rates are based on your
superior health,**

as a non-drinker and non-smoker. The new American Temperance Hospitalization Plan can offer you unbelievably low rates because we do not accept drinkers and smokers, who cause high rates. Also, your premiums can never be raised because you grow older or have too many claims. Only a general rate adjustment up or down could affect your low rates. And only you can cancel your policy. We cannot.

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**1. You receive \$100 cash weekly—
TAX FREE—even for life,**

from the first day you enter a hospital. Good in any hospital in the world. We pay in addition to any other insurance you carry. We send you our payments Air Mail Special Delivery so you have cash on hand fast. No limit on number of times you collect.

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covered.**

except pregnancy, any act of war or military service, pre-existing accidents or

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within 90 days of accident**

(as described in policy). We pay \$2000 cash for accidental death. Or \$2000 cash for loss of one hand, one foot, or sight of one eye. Or \$6000 cash for loss of both eyes, both hands, or both feet.

**We invite close comparison
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Actually, no other is like ours. But compare rates. See what you save.

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Fill out application below and mail right away. Upon approval, your policy will be promptly mailed. Coverage begins at noon on effective date of your policy. Don't delay. Every day almost 50,000 people enter hospitals. So get your protection now.

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Read over your policy carefully. Ask your minister, lawyer and doctor to examine it. Be sure it provides exactly what we say it does. Then, if for any reason at all you are not 100% satisfied, just mail your policy back to us within 30 days and we will immediately refund your entire premium. No questions asked. You can gain thousands of dollars...you risk nothing.

TEAR OUT AND MAIL TODAY BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

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AT-100

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I also apply for coverage for the members of my family listed below:

NAME	AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	BENEFICIARY	BIRTH DATE
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IMPORTANT: include your first premium with application.

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AMERICAN TEMPERANCE LOW RATES

	Pay Monthly	Pay Yearly
Each adult 19-59 pays	\$380	\$38
Each adult 60-69 pays	\$590	\$59
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SAVE TWO MONTHS PREMIUM BY PAYING YEARLY!

Neither I nor any person listed above uses tobacco or alcoholic beverages, and I hereby apply for a policy based on the understanding that the policy does not cover conditions originating prior to its effective date, and that the policy is issued solely and entirely in reliance upon the written answers to the above questions.

Date: _____ Signed **X** _____

AT-IAT

Mail this application with your first premium to

3693

AMERICAN TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATES, Inc., Box 131, Libertyville, Illinois



this month

With DAVID O. POINDEXTER

Broadcasting and Film Commission
National Council of Churches

TWO KINDS of decisions are being made in network television headquarters these days. The first concerns which of the current shows will bite the dust as the 1965-66 season progresses. (The mortality rate for new series in recent years has been 64 percent.) Second, and equally important, decisions now are being made concerning network schedules for next year—the 1966-67 season.

These decisions are based on what network officials believe you want to see. Judging by their current offerings, they picture you and me as persons of rather limited sensitivity, taste, and curiosity. Surely few can deny that the current season's intellectual and moral content is far from nourishing. Is this really what you want?

Backstage, a trade newspaper, concluded a survey of press reactions panning many of the season's shows by suggesting that "many of the commercials display the most imagination and creativity on today's TV screen, and there's now talk of a device that turns on the commercials and automatically turns off the programs."

By now, most of the pilot films from which next year's programs will come already are produced. The sponsors' selections will depend on the mood of the public—and that means all of us. And even now, ideas for year after next are being considered. For this reason, the letters you write now to networks, stations, sponsors, and newspaper TV columnists will carry more weight than those at any other time of year.

In line with the comments of TOGETHER's editors in September [see *You've Only Yourself to Blame*, page 13], let me suggest that you write praising what you like and telling why, and adding your suggestions for other quality programs. Millions of Methodists could have a great impact if they would do so.

Here are some of the programs scheduled for the coming month which should be of interest:

November 18, 9:30 to 11 p.m., EST, on NBC: *Inherit the Wind* on Hallmark Hall of Fame starring Melvyn Douglass and Ed Begley in a dramatization of the famed Scopes "Monkey" trial in 1926.

November 23, 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., EST, on CBS: *Salute to Stan Laurel*, a star-filled special for those who like comedy.

November 25, 5 to 6 p.m., EST, on ABC: *Sammy Davis and the Wonderful World of Children*, a Thanksgiving special. Also planned by ABC for Thanksgiving Day (no time set) is a televised tour of the nation's capital led by the First Lady.

November 26, 10 to 11 p.m., EST, on NBC: *The Incredible World of James Bond*. Unfortunately, this current prototype hero will not be seriously analyzed, but according to producer David Wolper, Bond will be discussed with some humor.

November 28, 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., EST, on NBC: *Who Shall Live?*—a story of the failure to save many victims of uremic poisoning for lack of funds, and the agonizing problems of selecting who shall live.

November 28, 7 to 8 p.m., EST, on ABC: *The Dangerous Christmas of Little Red Riding Hood* or *O Wolf, Poor Wolf*, the children's classic presented from the wolf's point of view.

November 29, 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., EST, on CBS: The season's first *Young People's Concert* with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

December 9, 7:30 to 8 p.m., EST, on CBS: *Charlie Brown's Christmas*, an animated-cartoon special starring Charlie Brown, Lucy, Linus, Snoopy, and Schroeder from the *Peanuts* comic strip, written by *Peanuts*' creator Charles Schulz and aimed at recapturing the real significance of Christmas.

December 13, 10 to 11 p.m., EST, on ABC: *In Search of Man* will concentrate on the endless diversity of earth's most fascinating inhabitant.

December 14, 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., on CBS: the second *Young People's Concert*.

I hope that as we move into the holidays you may find among these TV programs some that will feed your mind, warm your heart, and stimulate your personal growth. If you do, take the time to tell the broadcaster. □

wife Joyce, who once served in India as a three-year missionary, and asked: "Why not?"

The Cooleys talked up the idea with friends at Swanton Methodist Church. As a result, six of them agreed to cosign for a \$2,400 bank loan and pledge a day's earnings each month until the vehicle was paid clear.

Word of Operation Jeep spread, and church members who had never contributed to a special missions project became interested. A woman crippled by arthritis painstakingly prepared and sold \$40 worth of raspberry jam. An elderly gentleman who gives haircuts to neighborhood youngsters set up a freewill "kitty" for the Jeep. A widow on a limited income raised \$100 by rallying volunteer help to serve a civic organization dinner.

Within 11 months, the loan was paid off. One of the missionaries now using the Swanton Jeep was on hand to attend a victory party. She was Miss Eva Logue, who has worked with Dr. Deena Sonna at Linn Health Center in Yellari, India, for more than 20 years. Dr. Sonna, an Indian physician and former Methodist Crusade Scholar, wrote the Christmas greeting which started it all.

Big Bequest to Missions

The largest gift ever given for Methodist missionary support—more than \$2 million—has been bequeathed by a Virginia layman who gave about \$750,000 to missions during his lifetime.

The late Holbert L. Harris of Arlington, Va., willed most of his estate to the World Division, Board of Missions, as a trust fund. Income from various properties is expected to support 16 missionary couples a year, 8 in the field of evangelism and 8 in medical missions.

Mr. Harris' earlier gift of a motel near Richmond, Va., has been supporting three Methodist medical missionaries in Africa and India.

Condemn African Apartheid

Condemnation of the Republic of South Africa's policy of apartheid has been expressed in a Methodist Board of Missions resolution which urges the United States government to demonstrate "more effective opposition" to racial segregation in South Africa.

"The situation is getting worse," observed Dr. Tracey K. Jones, board executive, "and South Africa's persistence in violating fundamental human rights will surely lead to both internal and international violence."

The board's five-point statement declared that America should give serious consideration to the United Nations resolution calling for economic sanctions against the African nation.

SHE NEEDS YOUR LOVE

Little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knows many things . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . . the misery of being unwanted.

But she has never known love. Her mother died when she was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child. So Mie-Wen has spent her baby years without the affection and security every child craves.

Your love can give Mie-Wen, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

The cost? Only \$10 a month. Your love is demonstrated in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . education . . . understanding housemothers . . .

And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938 thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

Little Mie-Wen and children like her need your love—won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed for children in: India, Hong Kong, Korea, Japan, Formosa, Brazil.



Write today: Verbon E. Kemp

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc. Richmond, Va. 23204



I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in
(Country)_____ or,

☐ Choose a child who needs me most.
I will pay \$10 a month (\$120 a year)

I enclose my first payment of \$_____
Send me child's name, story, address, and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$_____
☐ Please send me more information

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WORLD BIBLES
GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

It also urged American banks and businesses dealing with South Africa to put teeth into protests.

Support was pledged for worldwide movements for basic rights and fundamental freedom for all peoples, and to join other organizations in efforts "to reinforce and publicize the struggle of responsible individuals and organizations in South Africa." Relief and assistance to persecuted persons and their families was promised.

U.S. Methodist mission activity in South Africa is limited almost entirely to work among men and boys who come from Mozambique to work in South African mines. But the church maintains a large, well-equipped press in Johannesburg which prints Christian literature and periodicals distributed throughout most of Africa.

In other developments, the Board of Missions approved three special grants totaling \$262,000 for projects in the United States. These were \$167,000 toward the new interdenominational Hawaii Loa College near Honolulu; \$50,000 for the National Council of Churches newly formed Antipoverty Task Force; and \$45,000 for relief of Methodist victims of Hurricane Betsy in Louisiana, and for reconstruction and repair of churches.

Honor Mississippi Editor

Dr. Sam E. Ashmore of *The Mississippi Methodist Advocate* was recognized as "Editor of the Year" by the Methodist Press Association as it met in conjunction with the National Methodist Public Relations Conference in Washington, D.C.

The Jackson, Miss., editor was cited for "objective and courageous presentation of the demands of the Gospel and the news of The Methodist Church during a year of great stress within the church."

Honored for "meritorious service in the field of religious journalism for more than 25 years" were Dr. John E. Marvin, Adrian, Mich., editor of *The Michigan Christian Advocate*; and Dr. George S. Reamey, Richmond, Va., editor of *The Virginia Methodist Advocate*.

One of the nation's top newsmen, Louis Cassels of United Press International, praised Methodist public-relations workers for professional techniques, but urged the more than 100 communicators to spend less time publicizing "the grinding and clanking of church machinery" and to "put in a good plug for Christ now and then."

Gabriel Stamp Too Girlish?

Parishioners of People's Methodist Church, Newburyport, Mass., never thought much about the 125-year-old weathervane atop the church steeple,



People's Methodist Church in Newburyport, Mass., its 1840-vintage weathervane, and the Christmas stamp.

even when the Angel Gabriel lost his trumpet in a storm a few years back.

That was before the Post Office Department released its 1963 Christmas stamp depicting a watercolor reproduction of a weathervane Gabriel. Model for the design was on the historic People's Methodist Church.

On the stamp, Gabriel's female silhouette sparked lively comment by historians, Bible scholars, art critics, and philatelists. A Post Office inspector, dispatched to check the weathervane at Newburyport, reported the torso was indeed that of a woman. The department refused to alter the stamp.

Lay Theology Schools Vital

More lay schools of theology must be established to prepare laymen for the bold new mission of the Christian church.

The point was stressed repeatedly at the annual meeting of the Methodist Board of Lay Activities. Dr. Robert G. Mayfield, general secretary, described the schools as "an avenue through which we can train and equip our laymen for this ministry in the world. [For a discussion of lay theological schools, see *It's Back to School for Laymen*, October, page 5.]

The Lay Activities board is conducting a study to determine the best methods to develop training centers. It also formed a special committee to draft a theological statement on the laity. National seminars of clergy, theologians, and laymen are being asked to consider basic materials for such a declaration.

Dr. Mayfield told the board, "We ought to be training no fewer than 200 to 300 men per week . . . in order that they may go back into their an-

nual conferences, districts, and local churches and challenge laymen in this new realm of thinking and of Christian service."

Dr. Kermit Long, Board of Evangelism general secretary, spoke of the expanding role of the laity in Christian witness. "The church has been captured by a cash-register gospel," he said, urging churchmen to put people ahead of property, and join "with an honesty born of sincere faith" to serve the needs of the day.

In other actions, the Lay Activities board authorized a consultation on men's work to define the purpose, objectives, and function within the local church. It also endorsed tentative plans to award a special citation every four years to an outstanding Methodist layman and grant a scholarship to a student in his name.

Scholars From 19 Nations

Eighty-six students from 19 countries are studying at selected American and foreign colleges, universities, and seminaries under Methodism's International Crusade Scholarship Program.

Since the program was launched in 1944, Crusade Scholars numbering 1,321 from 59 countries have been trained for leadership in the church, business, professions, arts, and other fields.

Students in the current program include 67 scholars in 32 schools in the United States and Puerto Rico; and 19 in schools of England, Taiwan, Australia, Portugal, Switzerland, India, Hong Kong, and Africa.

The largest number of scholars—26—is from the United States. India has eight; Japan and Korea, six each; Pakistan, four; Uruguay, three; and Malaysia and the Philippines, two each. Each of ten other nations in Latin America, Asia, and Africa have one Crusade Scholar.

Congo Task Force Assigned

After a year's intensive training in Belgium, 15 members of a special Methodist missionary task force have arrived in the Congo and are assigned to stations in six locations.

Bishop John Wesley Shungu sent four of the young men to Wembo Nyama, where Methodist missionary Burleigh Law was killed by Congolese rebels in August, 1964, and five other missionaries were taken prisoner.

Representing 12 of the states and the Republic of Panama, most members of the Congo team are teaching in Methodist high schools, Bible schools, and vocational classes. Two are engaged in social work, and one is assigned in the construction and industrial-arts field.

Assembled in the summer of 1964,

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WATCH OUT! Norah Smaridge; illustrated by Susan Perl. Bright and humorous verses about familiar signs that guide and protect us. Ages 4-8. \$2.50

GOOD KING WENCESLAS Mildred Corell Luckhardt; illustrated by Gordon Laite. An exciting adventure based on the familiar Christmas song. Ages 8-12. \$3

I THINK I WILL Go to the Hospital written and illustrated by Jean Tamburine. How one small girl is persuaded to enter the hospital for a tonsillectomy. Ages 4-7. \$2.95

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'I'm No Bigot, But...'

FOR THREE years Home Opportunities Made Equal, Inc. (HOME), an offshoot of the American Friends Service Committee, has tried to match families who want to move from Chicago's Negro ghettos with suburban homeowners willing to sell to them.

Successes have been recorded—but slowly, and only when real-estate dealers have been bypassed. This year, a direct assault has been launched by residents in 11 communities bordering Lake Michigan. Phase two of the effort is now underway.

The first step was the North Shore Summer Project (NSSP), started with a nucleus of volunteers from HOME's fair-housing committees. Among sponsors eventually recruited for the summer project were 137 ministers and rabbis from about half of the houses of worship in the 11 communities. About 35 of them worked actively.

The NSSP first sent a letter to the Evanston-North Shore Board of Realtors, asking that its members show all properties without regard to the race or religion of prospective buyers. Sixty days later, NSSP leaders still were waiting for an answer. When it finally came, it was judged unsatisfactory, as were several meetings with realtors' representatives. In July, NSSP began conducting silent vigils outside the offices of the board and of real-estate dealers.

"Our instructions come from the sellers, who pay us," said realtors' board president Louis Pfaff. "It's up to the Summer Project or the clergy to change public attitudes."

Documentation for NSSP's case came from people like Adolph May of Glenview. "Not one of the four realtors I contacted would list and sell my house on a nondiscriminatory basis," he said. NSSP charges that many sellers do not know that buyers have been screened to elimi-

nate certain "unacceptable" groups.

Meanwhile, 100 students, most of them North Shore residents and most able to work only part time for the project, contacted 673 of about 2,000 sellers whose homes were currently in the realtors' multiple listings.

Counting all those who refused to be interviewed as being opposed to open occupancy, the survey still listed 49.93 percent who said they would *not* discriminate.

But, said the realtors, the neighbors also should be considered. Toward the end of the summer, several neighborhoods were canvassed. Eighty-two percent of those interviewed said they would take no action to avoid having Negro neighbors. Their answers ranged from enthusiastic acceptance to indifference.

During the summer, the board of realtors adopted the policy that realtors were free to accept non-discriminatory listings on request of the seller. Instead of placating the volunteers, it angered them further. Said NSSP: "The North Shore Summer Project is opposed to any system which assumes a house to be closed to minority-group seekers unless it carries an 'open occupancy' designation."

With winter in the air, the volunteers, who disagree among themselves over the progress they have made, have dug in for the long pull. Says a Highland Park resident who was active in NSSP: "So far, we have been ineffective."

Others, however, agree with Mrs. Mark Olds. "The big change," she says, "is in the community's awareness of housing discrimination. And the realtors are on the defensive now. Often one of them will start a conversation with us by saying, 'I'm no bigot, but . . .'"

For both volunteers and dealers it looks like a long, hard winter.

—CAROL M. DOIG

the task force is composed of single young men trained to handle a variety of assignments. The team—a highly flexible, mobile unit prepared to face difficulty and danger—spent one year in Brussels studying French and other subjects as training and orientation for Congo service.

Members of the Congo team include: Bruce G. Baldwin, Winslow, Ariz.; Charles W. Stilwell, San Diego, Calif.; John D. Studstill, Broxton, Ga.; Joseph B. McCormick, Georgetown, Ind.; Donald M. Hill, Des Moines, Iowa; Clifford L. Bertholf, Jr., Spivey, Kans.; Frederick C. Tiffany, Lyndon, Kans.

Also, Jerome R. Freund, Fulton, Mo.; Perry R. Hess, East Brunswick, N.J.; Milton R. Coles, Endicott, N.Y.; Henry M. Smith, Leaksville, N.C.; Jather L. Peterson, Vanceboro, N.C.; Philip M. Rothrock, Portland, Ore.; Gerald Schmidt, Middlesex, Pa.; and Ivan D. Alphonse, Republic of Panama.

Need for Chaplains Grows

In response to United States military escalation in Viet Nam, another 50 Methodist ministers probably will be in uniform by next June, reports Dr. John R. McLaughlin, general secretary of the Methodist Commission on Chaplains.

The commission staff, located in Washington, D.C., is extending its contacts with theological seminaries, and with clergymen now in reserve status and other pastors to secure the additional men, more than double the need previously anticipated for the current church year.

Dr. McLaughlin said the crisis al-



Methodist Bishop Fred Pierce Corson displays a Greek New Testament given him by Pope Paul VI. The Philadelphia, Pa., bishop had a private audience with the pontiff in Rome while a Vatican Council II delegate-observer.

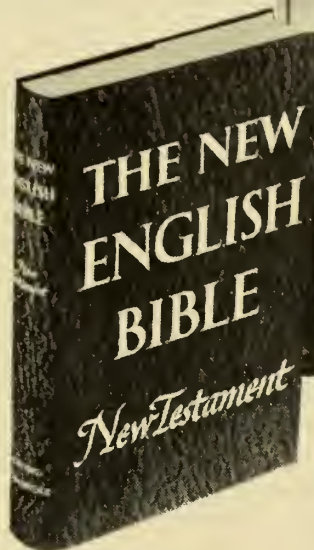
ready has brought a response from many ministers and he is confident that the needs will be met voluntarily. Sixteen men were endorsed for various chaplaincy duties at the recent annual meeting of the commission. Half were candidates for Air Force active duty in the near future.

The chaplains commission, under Bishop W. Angie Smith, Oklahoma City, Okla., issued an appeal to Methodists, regardless of their feelings on the Viet Nam situation, to be "aware of the personal involvement of people there, of their need as ministers and congregations for constant prayers." It referred to the "poignant separations" of families caused by the fighting, and worsened by "vicious letters and phone calls to the families of men fighting in Viet Nam."

Plans have been developed for church support of chaplains in the combat zones, where as many as 50 Methodist ministers might be on duty at any one time. Since congregational offerings and company funds are not available in such areas, the commission plans to supply the chaplains' needs for materials and equipment.

Methodist chaplains on active military duty totaled 493 on September 15, the date of the most recent report. Veterans Administration and institutional chaplains number 169, and 413 men are on reserve military status.

For young
and old alike
— the message
of Christmas,
radiant with new
appeal to heart
and mind



"The
light
shines
on
in the
dark..."

— JOHN 1:5
(NEB)

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Men Give Books, Bookmobile

Thanks to an \$8,000 offering by Methodist Men at their national conference at Purdue University last summer, eight shelves of books have been presented to Alaska Methodist University and a bookmobile has been

CENTURY CLUB

Seven veteran Methodists, all women, have been added to the ever-growing rolls of TOGETHER's Century Club. They are:

Mrs. Clara Britcher, 101, Tipton, Iowa.

Mrs. T. L. Certain, 100, Liberal, Kans.

Mrs. Rachel Larue Cox, 100, Johnson City, Tenn.

Mrs. Martin Fahler, 102, Mendota, Ill.

Mrs. Georgia H. Gilbert, 100, Sarasota, Fla.

Mrs. Edgar E. Saxton, 100, New Smyrna Beach, Fla.

Mrs. J. E. Scheer, 100, Pharr, Texas.

In making nominations for the Century Club, please include the candidate's present address, birth date, and the church where the nominee is a member.



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SPECIAL

*Full color cover, Descent from the Cross, by Rembrandt.

*Full color stained glass window reproduction, The Entombment — from Canterbury Cathedral.

*Duotone color pictures of Nepal.

*Uplifting meditations by Jiwan Das (India); Shirley W. Crabtree (Texas); Ernest A. Droppa (New York); David R. Nichols (Australia); Max Zaleman (Ohio); Florence Crain (Texas); Carmelita O. Lazarte (Philippines); Roberta A. West (Montana); Lydia Mowatt (Ontario); and 52 others.

CHURCHES: This advance notice enables you to order sufficient copies of this important issue in ample time to supply families and members of your church. Only 10 cents per copy in lots of 10 or more of one issue to one address. Single copy, 15¢. Yearly subscriptions, \$1.00.

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A bishop and two laymen received the annual St. George's Award for distinguished service to Methodism at a dinner in Philadelphia, Pa. Recipients, from left: Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Los Angeles, Calif.; Horace S. Felton, advertising firm board chairman and active layman at Philadelphia's St. James Methodist Church; and Maryland Governor J. Millard Tawes, of Immanuel Methodist Church, Crisfield, Md. St. George's, America's oldest continuous Methodist church, dates from 1769.

put into service in and around Bombay, India.

The two gifts are the first completed projects of the new Methodist Men World Witness, which has the AMU library and the circulation of Christian literature among developing nations as its goals.

Methodist Men clubs began work this autumn on a program phase stressing personal discipline.

To Restore Old Church Site

Restoration began early in October at the site of the Old Stone Church in Leesburg, Va., one of the oldest Methodist sites in the United States, and an official church shrine.

In preparation for the 1966 celebration of the bicentennial of Meth-

odism in America, the Old Stone Church grounds will be the scene of special observances, especially for the Virginia Conference Historical Society, which owns the property.

Marvin H. Kirby of McLean, Va., general chairman of the project, says restoration efforts will involve only the features which remain on the property, such as foundation stones, cemetery headstones, and walkway bricks. There are no present plans to restore the building itself.

The deed to the property is dated May 11, 1766—ten years before declaration of American independence. The original Old Stone Church building was completed in 1770, and several early Methodist conferences met there. It was abandoned in 1897.

Methodists in the News

Methodism was represented recently in the celebration of the 400th anniversary of the founding of St. Augustine, Fla. The Rev. T. Newton Wise, pastor of the First Methodist Church, presented, on behalf of Protestant churches in the city, a Bible to the Roman Catholic Votive Church under construction on the grounds of the Mission of Nombre de Dios. U.S. Sen. George Smathers (D-Fla.), a Methodist, was among the many dignitaries present.

Three Methodists—Dr. Arthur S. Flemming, president of the University of Oregon; Ernest A. Gross, former U.S. delegate to the United Nations; and Dr. Harold A. Bosley, pastor of Christ Church, Methodist, New York City—are members of a special panel of churchmen named by the National Council of Churches to study the crisis in Viet Nam and to recommend courses of action leading to peace.

The Religious Heritage Foundation has selected Dr. Herbert E. Richards, pastor of the First Methodist Church, Boise, Idaho, Clergyman of the Year. He was honored during the group's annual Washington, D.C., pilgrimage.

Dr. William S. Willis, Jr., assistant professor of sociology and anthropology at Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas, and the Rev. R. J. Watkins, pastor of the New Milford, Conn., Methodist Church, are believed to have established some "firsts." Dr. Willis is the first Negro named to the SMU faculty, and Mr. Watkins is the first Negro Methodist minister in the New York Conference to serve a white congregation.

Mrs. Robert G. Bullock, Lakewood, Ohio, was one of 16 women in the nation to receive the Silver Medallion, highest volunteer leadership honor awarded by Camp Fire Girls, Inc.

Abstinence ... With Temperance

By TOM PRICE, Director, Department of Alcohol Problems
Board of Christian Social Concerns

WE METHODISTS need to change some of our attitudes about abstinence. If we do not, we may find ourselves standing on the sidelines while other forces deal creatively with today's alcohol problems. This would be a strange posture indeed for Methodism.

This is not, let me stress, a plea for The Methodist Church to change its *policy* on drinking. Abstinence from the use of alcoholic beverages has strong theological and ethical relevance, especially in our highly complex society. But some of our *attitudes* need a careful look. Here are three:

1. *We are too preoccupied with the abstinence-moderation debate.* Not long ago the church press reported a controversy between the editors of *The Texas Methodist* and *The Texas Catholic* who were calling each other "bluenosed" and "red nosed" over the question of social drinking. A few months before that, daily papers across the nation indicated that the drinking question was a major block to Protestant-union talks.

Stories like these give the impression that the Christian church is hopelessly divided on the subject of abstinence vs. moderation, and that this is all we care about. Nothing could be further from the truth.

The question of abstinence vs. moderation is only a small part of our total concern. We are working to solve a whole galaxy of problems relating to drinking, drunkenness, and alcoholism. No single solution can solve all of them. We must seek and test a whole galaxy of answers. The teaching of abstinence certainly will be one of them. But since we cannot realistically expect the entire society to adopt this discipline overnight, we must also recognize the need for control laws, rehabilitation centers, and education.

And the Christian church is *not* divided on this subject. In 1958, the National Council of Churches hammered out its first alcohol pronouncement. The process revealed surprising unanimity on biblical, theological, and ethical principles. For more than a decade, the North Conway Institute, an interfaith center in New Hampshire, has been fostering discussions of alcohol problems among Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish leaders. Vast areas of agreement have been found on matters of juvenile drinking, drinking and driving, alcohol education, and clergy training.

We Methodists must realize that we cannot go it alone in this field. If we are to find solutions to alcohol problems, we need the wisdom and support of the entire religious community. We need to work together in the areas where we do agree. But we cannot work together if we are constantly preoccupied with the abstinence-moderation debate.

2. *We need to be wary of taking (or seeming to take) a "holier than thou" attitude.* Certainly Methodists should stand firm in the belief that abstinence

is a wise decision for the Christian to make. But it is a decision which can foster a deadly self-righteousness, separating us from others who should be our strong allies.

The 1964 General Conference has clarified our rationale for abstinence. Methodists are not urged to abstain simply to prove how good they are or to build up a set of credentials for admission into heaven. Rather, Methodism calls its people to abstain out of a deep sense of gratitude and humility before God, and out of a sincere desire to act in loving service toward their fellowmen.

The Christian who abstains for these reasons has no need to be judgmental or defensive in the presence of other Christians who have not chosen the same path. He is willing to grant others the right to a different interpretation of God's will. He may continue to debate the issue, but always in a spirit of humility, love, and respect. The question of his brother's moderate drinking will not stand in the way of co-operative effort to find solutions to alcohol problems.

3. *We need to throw away our fear of groups and agencies, outside the church, which do not espouse our abstinence views.* Strong new forces are joining the attack on alcohol problems. In contrast to traditional church-oriented temperance groups, these new forces represent a broad range of professional and scholarly disciplines: law, medicine, psychiatry, education, biochemistry, sociology.

The National Council on Alcoholism now has 70 affiliate groups across the country. The North American Association of Alcoholism Programs now represents governmental programs in 42 states. The American Medical Association has its own alcoholism committee. Educators and sociologists interested in alcohol problems have formed their own associations.

These new groups have deliberately avoided the abstinence-moderation debate. Yet, they are seeking solutions to many of the same problems which have concerned the religious community—drinking and driving, alcoholism rehabilitation, education about alcohol, effective control laws. Are we to stand aside and let this strong new stream sweep past?

Leaders of these new forces are interested in the experience and point of view of the churches. Their doors are open to co-operative effort. But if co-operation is conditioned on everyone's espousing an abstinence (or moderation) position, the doors will close.

Within the past decade, the mainstream of effort to solve alcohol problems has become increasingly ecumenical and multidisciplinary. This is no longer the arena of a few denominations and the temperance movement. We Methodists can lend significant strength to this mainstream effort—or we can be left carping on the sidelines while others take up the battle. It all will depend on our attitudes. □

The Bible: Window to Modern Science

From the infinitesimal to the infinite, atomic-age scientists almost daily report fantastic discoveries. They follow these with even bolder theories as to the nature and meaning of space, time, and the immutable universe around us. But as the savants obtain more and more facts, the so-called gap between the Bible and science grows steadily narrower.

By JAMES W. REID

And the Lord said, ". . . this is only the beginning of what they will do; and nothing that they propose to do will now be impossible for them."—Genesis 11:6

THIS Bible quotation is from the story of man's first attempt to explore space, but the tower of Babel was a failure. Until recently, all other attempts also failed. Now man has reached out to touch the moon with instruments acting as his eyes and ears. Before the century ends, man himself will be there, too. Yes, man is finally reaching out into space, as he proposed to do so long ago—and just as God said he could!

Obviously, the Bible is not a book of science, nor does it pretend to be. But the story of the tower of Babel does imply that man will advance in this field of endeavor. However, this portion of the story is often overlooked, more attention being given to the tower of Babel's failure. The fact that God indicates that man will advance in knowledge is seldom mentioned.

The same implication is found elsewhere in the Bible. "And knowl-

edge shall increase," says Daniel the prophet (Daniel 12:4). Even the story of Adam and Eve has this implication. (God did not destroy them for having eaten fruit from the tree of knowledge. Instead, they were ejected from the garden, and their path through life made more difficult. The implication is that while man's progress will be slow, it is not limited.)

Unfortunately, the interpretation that man should *not* advance has helped turn some from the church. Yet those who blame the church for holding back scientific advances also overlook some facts. Had it not been for the church, many of the pioneers in science would not have had their basic educations. During the Dark Ages, the church was, on many occasions, the only refuge for men of learning. Thus, it kept the spark of knowledge growing.

Extremists on both sides have helped separate church and science. The gap widened when classical physics reached its peak in the early part of this century. But classical physics, once thought to lead to all answers, was revolutionized by quantum mechanics—and this, in turn, by the new quan-

tum mechanics. Even now, scientists realize the end is not yet in sight. In fact, more questions have been raised than answered.

Narrowing the Gap

Today man is reaching out into a universe he did not realize existed. At the same time, he is reaching down into "nothingness" to discover the what and why of matter. During all this time the Bible has not changed. What, then has happened to the "gap" between the Bible and science?

The answer will surprise many. New scientific developments are bringing the two closer together! As science obtains more and more facts, it unlocks the meaning of many more biblical passages—particularly those which refer to the "later" days. It also adds importance to many passages whose real meanings have been hidden or overlooked.

Consider atomic energy and the atomic bomb. Present knowledge of this awesome power certainly helps clarify the meaning of Peter's statement: "The elements will be dissolved with fire and the earth and the works that are upon it will

burn up." (2 Peter 3:10.) We know the H-bomb is capable of doing this.

Isaiah seems to have anticipated civil-defense shelters when he wrote, ". . . and men shall enter the caves of the rocks and the holes of the ground" (Isaiah 2:9). Revelation echoes the same thought: "Then the kings of the earth and the great men and the generals and the rich and the strong, and every one, slave and free, hid in the caves and among the rocks of the mountains, calling to the mountains and rocks, 'Fall on us and hide us . . .'" (Revelation 6:15.)

Obviously, these statements from the Bible are not scientific. However, they do preview the power of an H-bomb. The facts pictured by these verses represented future miracles to the men who wrote them and to those who read them before now. But today, it can be seen all too clearly how these events can occur.

Windows to the Universe

There are many other "windows" like these throughout the Bible. The picture they give of the universe closely resembles the "new" universe that science is bringing into focus.

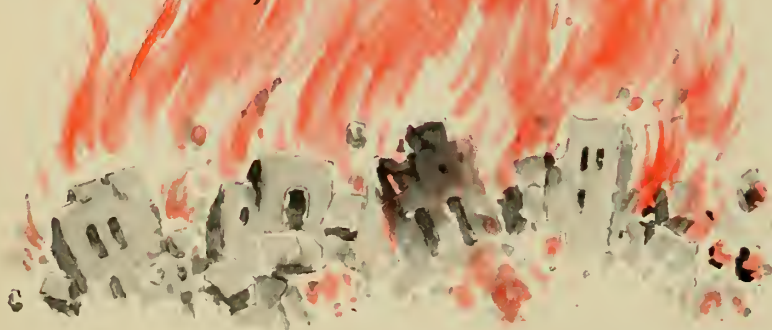
The subject of time furnishes another example of how newer scientific theories agree with the Bible. Scientific thinking about time was revolutionized by Einstein's theory. In the past, time was considered constant throughout the universe. The scientific community, in general, accepted the "fact" that our units (seconds, minutes, and so on) would have a direct relationship to time measured anywhere. Today we know that this is not true.

Now it has been found that time is a variable, slowing down as speed increases. To make any measurable difference, however, speed must increase almost to the speed of light (186,000 miles per second), according to Einstein's theory, which has been proved by the atomic scientists. They found that mu-mesons, for example, existed much longer than predicted when created in atomic reactions.

There appears to be only one feasible explanation for this: when created, these particles are travel-



CITIES of the PLAIN



MODERN chemical plants now stand on the legendary site of the wicked biblical cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, their giant pumps extracting rich mineral deposits from the Dead Sea. But the serene waters have yet to yield the ancient secret surrounding the cities of sin.

Did Sodom and Gomorrah really exist? If so, did they perish in sheets of fire and showers of brimstone? Were they swallowed by some extraordinary convulsion of the earth or even destroyed by a nuclear explosion?

Perhaps the most startling answer to these questions is advanced by Agrest, the Russian master of physicomathematics. He theorizes that Sodom and Gomorrah did exist and were reduced to ashes when men from outer space set off their surplus nuclear fuel after a visit 4,000 years ago.

More conventional archaeologists support the theory of New York scholar Jack Finegan, who speculates that the cities disappeared around 1900 B.C. as the result of a violent earthquake accompanied by lightning and underground explosions which touched off a general fire.

The biblical version is stated clearly (Genesis 19:24-25): "Then the Lord rained on Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven; and he overthrew those cities, and all the valley, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and what grew on the ground."

Many scientists dismiss the existence of the cities as a legend, but their skepticism has not halted efforts by others to solve the mystery. Early in 1960, amateur archaeologist and oceanographer Dr. Ralph Baney, director of the Holy Land Christian Approachment mission in Jordan and an ordained Baptist minister, led a four-member team to the Dead

Sea in an attempt to rediscover the lost cities.

Dr. Baney claimed his divers found them—but could not photograph anything because of the high-density water. He reported finding evidence of small forests, some trees 40 feet down, which had been petrified by chemicals, and hills of various sizes, the largest of which "gives the impression of having been the site of a city." But the Jordanian antiquity department said it found his evidence "unconvincing" and added that Dr. Baney had presented no material or photographic proof to support his claims.

Back in 1847, shortly after the Mexican War, a U.S. Navy lieutenant, William Francis Lynch, led a crew of 14 on a similar expedition to the Dead Sea. They took depth measurements, made topographical sketches of the shore, and kept barometrical and astronomical readings. But they did not send divers down to explore the sea's depths. In a published narrative of the exciting exploration, Lynch reported:

"The inference from the Bible, that this entire chasm was a plain sunk and 'overwhelmed' by the wrath of God, seems to be sustained by the extraordinary character of our soundings. After 22 days of close investigation, if I am not mistaken, we are unanimous in the conviction of the truth of the scriptural account of the destruction of the cities of the plain."

As yet, there is no indisputable scientific proof that the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah ever existed, but the circumstantial and biblical evidence has fascinated men throughout history. Perhaps someday soon the dense waters of the Dead Sea will give up—along with the potash and bromine—the truth about the sinful cities of the plain.

—TREVOR L. CHRISTIE

ing near the speed of light, causing their time to slow down. Thus, while they only exist for the correct period measured by "their" time, they appear to live much longer when measured by earth's time.

At some time in the future, scientists hope to send out a space ship at near the speed of light, thus slowing down time for men inside the ship. As a result, they will be able to live long enough to make round trips beyond the solar system, even though generations of men may have lived and died on the planet earth!

It has been estimated, for example, that a space ship traveling near the speed of light would be gone for some 8¼ years, earth time, on a round trip to the nearest star, *Proxima Centauri*. For the astronauts, however, only a few days would have elapsed! Likewise, passengers on a space ship traveling 99.9 percent of the speed of light to a star 500 light years away would age only about 50 years before returning, although 1,000 years would have passed on earth.

As startling and as new as this may seem to many, it was recognized long ago in the Bible. The existence of other time is mentioned in both the Old and New Testaments, and it is indicated in several other ways. In verse four of the 90th Psalm, for example, Moses states, "For a thousand years in thy [God's] sight are but as yesterday when it is past, or as a watch in the night." In the New Testament, Peter puts it this way: "... with the Lord, one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day" (2 Peter 3:8).

No one could accuse either Moses or Peter of being modern scientists. Yet here are two men, many centuries apart, providing "window" verses that let us glimpse eternal facts confirmed by today's science.

Going Backward

When Moses compares a thousand years to "yesterday when it is past," he indicates that God can also move backward in time—an even bigger step. This is something that most scientists still assign to the realm of fantasy—or the comic strip. Science must go farther be-

fore it can really begin to deal with this possibility. However, some insight into this moving back in time can be gained even now.

For example, some of the starlight which reaches earth each night left distant galaxies eons ago. It is entirely possible, in fact probable, that many of the stars whose light reaches us each night ceased to exist millions of years ago. Yet their history is still moving across the sky every night for each of us to see.

In this sense, we too can look backward in time. We see them as they were millions of years ago, although they may no longer be there!

Another indication of God's knowledge of time, as well as his ability to move in it, is in Exodus 3:14. God states, "I AM WHO I AM." (One of the few places that calls for capitals in translation.) Thanks to science's new knowledge of time (and relativity), there is a deeper meaning of this statement. It indicates God's ability to exist in all times—at one time, or to move in time at will. Now, with the theory of relativity, his meaning can be understood more clearly. What was taken in faith by men of old is now being explained—but that does not detract from God. He is still the ruler and maker of the laws.

It might be well to note that the men who wrote the Bible, and those who later translated it, knew nothing about the scientific facts of our age. This does not keep the truth from coming through. God used these men, and their methods, much as we use pen and ink.

It would seem also that modern science and the Bible have finally agreed on the first two acts of creation. Both agree that light was the first act of creation, the start of the universe as we now know it. The Bible tells that God's first act was the creation of light (Genesis 1:3). Now modern cosmologists accept this in what is known as the "Big Bang" theory, originated by a Belgian priest, Abbe Georges le Maitre.

"Big Bang" is certainly a descriptive term. The theory assumes that all the matter of the universe was originally in a sphere held to-

gether by the mutual attraction of the particles making up the sphere. As eons rolled by, the attraction of gravity squeezed the particles closer and closer together. This force raised the pressure and temperature of the huge sphere until the whole mass exploded. Without doubt, this was the biggest atomic explosion ever, obviously quite a big bang!

An atomic explosion involving all the matter of the universe would release a staggering amount of energy. Much of this would be in the form of light, just as it is today from the suns throughout the universe. However, this first explosion would put a billion, billion suns to shame.

Light and Darkness

So modern science and the Bible agree that light was the first act of creation. They also agree on the next step—the separation of light and darkness. From the scientific viewpoint, this would have occurred about the 250-millionth birthday. For science has calculated that it took the expansion, which started with the first release of energy, 250 million years to cool the universe to a temperature where matter could begin to reassemble itself into a stable condition. In the Bible, act one and two are summed up this way: "And God said, 'Let there be light'; and there was light . . . and God separated the light from the darkness." (Genesis 1:3, 4.) Again, there seems to be basic agreement between the Bible and modern science.

Those who ask, "What existed before the creation of light?" must pose the question to both science and the Bible. Scientists are trying to find the answer. The hypotheses already put forth are rather complex and tenuous, so it would be misleading to discuss them at this time. As for the Bible, note that the first act mentioned above, the creation of light, does not actually occur until the third verse. Nor does the Bible specifically state that this was the very first act. There are still significant statements in the first two verses that may be unlocked when science does learn the answer as to what could have happened "in the beginning."

The Bible account of these two acts ends with, "And there was evening and there was morning, one day." There are many who interpret this as meaning a 24-hour day. While one can appreciate their sincerity, we already have noted that the Bible itself points out that God's day is not a 24-hour one. Furthermore, at the beginning of creation, the sun, moon, and earth did not exist. This makes it even harder to confine God to man's day for the first act and those that followed. With this in mind, the other creative acts that God outlines are not too different from those put forth by science.

Another possibility which science claims, and many find hard to believe, is the existence of other inhabited planets in the universe. What does the Bible say on this point?

"Am I a God at hand, says the Lord, and not a God afar off? . . . Do I not fill heaven and earth?" (Jeremiah 23:23, 24.)

"And they will gather His elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other." (Matthew 24:31.)

"On that day the Lord will punish the host of heaven, *in heaven*, and the kings of the earth, on the earth." [Italics mine.—JWR] (Isaiah 24:21.)

To limit God to man's thinking or imagination is to fail. Science has breeched many of man's former ideas about God, and has taken to task many of the older opinions of the Bible, but older opinions were only what men *thought* the Bible said. Science does not seem to differ with what the Bible actually says; and as man learns scientific truths, it becomes evident that he is moving toward a better understanding of God. The facts science is uncovering do more to prove the Bible than to disprove it.

Today's science is providing evidence that the God of our Bible is very much the ruler of the emerging "relativistic" universe. This has been the case from the beginning, although we have not been able to recognize it. Is it not about time to realize that the advance of science has been an advance toward a more complete knowledge of God? □

Chief of Philadelphia's Detectives

Twenty-five years ago, he decided there was no higher calling for him than that of a dedicated Christian law-enforcement officer. Many of his friends disagreed, but Harry G. Fox was not long proving them wrong.



ON THE clock-tower pedestal atop Philadelphia's City Hall, the statue of William Penn towers over the city's tallest downtown buildings. By night, the old Quaker's blind stare takes in a sea of lights that knit parks, residential areas, and historic shrines into one vast jeweled carpet. From this dizzying height it would seem the great town's 2 million inhabitants are at sweet peace, one with another.

But there are times, Harry G. Fox could tell you, when Philadelphia is not altogether a City of Brotherly Love—especially on summer weekends when the mercury rises and the city swelters under a blanket of high humidity.

"I've just killed my husband!"

"Two dead in an apartment."

"I've been robbed!"

"Slugged . . ."

"Send an ambulance!"

The tower clocks under the high statue toll the dark hours away. A drunken man, still clutching his bottle, goes twisted and limp under the wheels of a speeding car and the search for another hit-run driver begins.

Such things happen often in every major city, but few law-abid-

When street demonstrations are staged, Harry Fox (right) usually appears on the scene. Here he talks with one of his men.



A specialist in human and community relations, he answers reporters' questions during a racial demonstration.

ing citizens are around to take notice. Philadelphia is not the worst. In fact it has a crime rate commendably lower than some of our big cities. Just the same, the present chief inspector of detectives on Philadelphia's police force of 6,000 men and women is in constant touch with sordid, shocking, and tragic aspects of human life.

Last year there were 188 murders in Philadelphia. Harry Fox and his men solved 97 percent of them. They investigated 32,000 serious offenses, and many of these cases required intensive, endless, and sometimes frustrating leg work.

In 1964, the city was rocked by race riots, vandalism, and looting.

This year, racial demonstrators have been on the march to protest the century-old will of Girard College's founder, Stephen Girard, which stipulates that only "poor, white, male orphans" may be admitted to the school. The demonstrations sometimes have been



The sandwich is from one of the box lunches sent to policemen stationed around Girard College, target of many racial protest marches.

Back at headquarters, the chief inspector often helps to interview an applicant. Philadelphia's police department carefully screens its men, accepting about one of every six who apply.





Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fox at home. Both their son (left) and son-in-law (right) also are named Harry—and are Philadelphia policemen!



When the family gets together on Sunday after church, as they usually do, Harry makes up for lost time in his role as grandfather. "He's home for dinner about twice a week," says Mrs. Fox. Her children grown, she now works part time in a bank.

peaceful, sometimes violent, as demonstrators attacked police stationed along the wall surrounding the school.

But the biggest problem remains the unpredictable individual citizen himself.

In Harry Fox's job, any violation of the commandment, "You shall not kill," means a great deal more than a neatly typed report on his desk. Philadelphia's detective bureau is charged with the investigation, apprehension, arrest, and case presentation in all major crimes. Mr. Fox commands seven geographical divisions in the field, plus homicide, major theft, and intelligence units at detective headquarters.

At 49, Harry Fox hardly looks the part he plays. In fact, if he were given the role in a television drama, the audience probably would not

find him very convincing—as TV heroes go—not even if the story were about Harry Fox himself.

A competent public speaker, he has lectured in six colleges and universities, although he had little formal college education. During his career, he has addressed nearly a thousand groups on law enforcement and has published articles on crime and delinquency. Highly intelligent, he rose through the ranks from a police clerk in 1941. Today he holds the highest rank possible under civil service.

Cited for bravery under fire, he never has had to shoot a man. Winner of many local, state, and national awards, his activities have extended from American Legion command posts to Boy Scout work. In 1960, he was a delegate to the White House Conference on Youth.

Crime, Mr. Fox learned long ago, is a dirty, bloody, unromantic, and sometimes blundering business—yet he enjoys relaxing with a detective story or a James Bond movie. He is an avid sports fan, too.

Born into a Methodist family, he was active in church work when he decided to become a policeman. Some of his closest friends at the church thought he should go into the ministry instead.

"Most of them seemed to feel that a young man going into police work was doomed, that he was going into a life of sin and corruption and temptation he couldn't cope with," Harry explains.

At that point, young Fox talked to the Rev. Frederick E. Maser, now pastor of Philadelphia's historic Old St. George's Methodist Church. "He told me that no man

*"All that is necessary for the triumph
of evil is that good men do nothing."*

—EDMUND BURKE

can do more good than a dedicated Christian policeman. I believed it then, and I believe it now."

In 1959, Mr. Fox became co-founder of the Legion of Cornelius, an organization of Protestant peace officers. (It is named for a devout, charitable, and God-fearing soldier who, converted by Peter, was the first gentile to become a Christian.) The organization—"dedicated to spread Christ's kingdom to peace officers throughout the land"—now has around 1,500 members.

The other cofounders are the Rev. W. Carter Merbreier, pastor of Messiah Lutheran Church, now the legion's chaplain; and Police Sergeant William Vogt, a Lutheran layman, who is Harry Fox's right-hand aide, chauffeur, liaison man, and on-the-beat secretary.

Like most other police officials, Harry Fox is constantly concerned with the delicate balance between lawful and lawless street demonstrations, with the regulation of gun traffic, the increasing crime rate among juveniles, and the need for a more alert citizenry to help combat crime.

In regard to the latter he says, "The average citizen gives lip service. He says he's against sin and he's against crime and he's against delinquency. But he does nothing positive about it.

"It isn't possible, of course, to enact a Samaritan law requiring people to do something, but we should encourage them to apply the good Samaritan parable to their own lives."

When strikes or racial demonstrations are in progress, Harry usually shows up to talk with his men. "If an officer doesn't show hostility toward the people or their demonstrations, then the demonstrators themselves will be more likely to share this attitude," he observes. "Under the Constitution, people have a right to protest, but they should go about it in a lawful way."

Are teen-agers today more delinquent than they were, say 20 or 30 years ago?

"The juvenile—and I'm speaking mainly of the big city juvenile—

is less disciplined. Therefore, we're finding more of them getting into trouble."

Mr. Fox speaks with authority. From 1954 to 1960 he commanded Philadelphia's juvenile aid division. His unit embraced over 120,000 youths in trouble with the law. Subsequently (1960-61), he served as superintendent of the police academy and was charged with the training of the entire police force, including recruits and 18-year-old cadets.

The Philadelphia Police Department, cited as a model of efficiency and enlightened law enforcement, is under the administration of Commissioner Howard R. Leary, a university-trained official who has been ranked as one of the outstanding police administrators in the U.S.

When TOGETHER visited the chief inspector late last spring, an interesting incident revealed something of Harry Fox's philosophy of law enforcement. A traffic patrolman, not recognizing the inspector at

first, approached his unmarked car somewhat belligerently to declare: "You can't park here!" Too late, the young patrolman realized he was addressing a superior.

Very calmly, the inspector turned to the embarrassed officer.

"Just a second, sir," said Mr. Fox. "Let's suppose that for a change I'm not your boss. Let's suppose I'm the public, and you'd want to start over again. Wouldn't you say, 'Please don't park here . . . just pull ahead over there where you may park'?"

Then the inspector parked his car in the proper place. He rolled up the windows and carefully locked the doors.

"You'd look up every time, too, if you knew how many cars are stolen every day," he said.

Then he hesitated. "By the way, you'd better take your wallet from your back pocket and put it inside your coat. There may be a pick-pocket or two in a crowd like this."

—H. B. TEETER



After Sunday dinner, the three Harrys relax while six-year-old Cindy demonstrates her reading skill.



Their enthusiasm was soon deflated by the rich benefactor's condescension and griping.

Is Your Goodness **Gracious?**

By ELIZABETH BENNETT

SOME TIME ago I sat listening to an adult church group discuss a proposed Christmas project to help a needy family. A committee of two, deputized to find a family to help, had inquired of a local charitable organization and had accomplished its mission.

A preliminary visit to the home had convinced the committee that

the prospective family was deserving of our attention. The home was clean, the four children were neat, despite patched clothing, and the father held a part-time job, evidence of his willingness to work. The decision of the group was unanimous—yes, this family was worthy of our help. Zealously we solicited among our membership

for the food and clothing needed for our Christmas project. How good we were! And how grateful the family that received our aid.

In the years since then I have wondered what would have happened if our committee had returned with a report of slovenly housekeeping, disheveled children, and a lazy father. The need would

have remained—but would we have done anything about it?

As do-gooders, we often miss the boat. In a sense, we become do-God-ers, assuming that our superior economic and social status endows us with superior wisdom. We acknowledge that we are our brother's keeper, but by our attitudes and actions we define ourselves as the older, *wiser* brother.

Recently a wealthy woman resolved to buy school clothes for the children of a poor family in our community; and, as a friend to both parties, I accompanied them downtown to obtain the needed clothing.

We moved from store to store, shopping for items on our list—all quality clothing, probably the best the children ever had worn. But our enthusiasm was soon deflated by the benefactor's condescension. She clucked at the five-year-old to mind his manners, marshaled the whole family about the store authoritatively, griped about the time it was taking from her morning schedule, and constantly referred to what *she* was doing for the family.

Goodness? I am sure this good woman was pleased with her own generosity. But to the deprived family, it was just another example of charity accompanied by the slap of self-righteous judgment.

Actually, many of our judgments are superficial. Deliberately or otherwise, we hold ourselves aloof from people who are poor, and from the conditions in which they live. Our viewpoints are products of the relatively satisfactory realities we find as privileged members of society. We show our concern through organized effort, and make sporadic forays into needy situations. Then, having done our bit, we hurry back into the comparative safety of our own comfortable circumstances, still unaware of the basic realities of poverty, still dedicated to our brand of charity.

For a long time, I had vague misgivings about paternalistic charity, but the real meaning of charitable giving eluded me until I permitted myself the privilege of friendship with a poor family in our town.

My husband hired a new employee, and the family moved into our neighborhood. It was plain to

see from the beginning that these people would be no asset to the community. Moving day revealed rickety furniture, ragged, unkempt children, and harassed-looking parents. The father drove a dilapidated car and showed up for work in threadbare clothing. The children started to school inadequately clothed, wary and watchful in their new environment. The mother was seen occasionally, but no one took time to visit her. Word got around, though, that she received Aid to Dependent Children checks for two children by a previous marriage.

It was two months before I became neighborly, and I must admit it was my husband who prodded me into stopping by to see if there was some help we could give them.

SINCE I do not like unasked-for advice myself, my approach was friendly, nothing more. What I found was a family in need. Economic trouble, yes. But something more, something I did not fully comprehend until months later when the mother feelingly told me: "Before you came, I had forgotten how to carry on a conversation."

Gratifying? Yes, but cause for shame and self-examination, too, for friendship, such a casual, taken-for-granted asset in my life, was a rare credit in the debt-ridden ledger of this woman's existence. I began to realize some of the harsh realities she and her family faced.

First was the ostracism. In the 18 months they lived in our area, not one neighbor came to see them. The church somehow never got around to inviting them to worship, nor the children to church school. Nearly everybody seemed to know *about* them, but no one took the trouble to *know* them.

Many activities and privileges I took for granted were rare or unknown to my new friend. She lacked either money or opportunity, or both. I took her shopping with me various times, and when we had to stay downtown during the lunch hour, we ate at a restaurant. That was something she had not done in years.

The children were excessively unruly. But without money, many recreational and social doors were

closed to them. Consequently, they found few creative outlets for their energy, and few associations with other children in the community.

As time went on, the family's economic situation improved, but they still had financial problems left over from previous periods of unemployment. My husband co-signed for a loan at our local bank to help them catch up on old, unpaid bills; and for the first time in their lives, they knew what it was to have a checking account and established credit when they had to replace their old car.

Through this friendship, I have come in contact with other people who are poor. Some of my experiences have been encouraging, some crisis filled and desperate. Ostracism breeds its own demon descendants: fear, loneliness, inadequacy. And as self-confidence is eroded, the spirit becomes worn-out or perverted. It is to prevent this from happening that we do-gooders can do the most good—if we are willing to forsake the paternalistic approach and, through friendship, bridge the chasm created by ostracism. Only thus can we introduce life's vital element, hope.

Granted, not all friendships with the poor and underprivileged will be rewarding. Sometimes there is frustration, and there is shock. I have come shudderingly close to cases of child abuse and prostitution. I do not bear the protective label of social worker, health nurse, or policewoman; my only credentials are myself. But maybe as a friend I can help to get help. And if those who need help are blind to their own need, and I cannot convince them, I can still be an interested person. And when I lose myself in my own interest, I discover the class barrier is gone.

Through the lives of those to whom I have given and from whom I receive friendship, I have learned that the potential for creative or destructive living exists within me as well as within them. Chaos may be routine for them, but the tendencies toward it are in my life, too. This realization of our common humanity leads me on. For here, in this unity, is fulfillment and a deeper understanding of charity. In giving I receive. □

Polly Brings Christmas to Russia

By POLLY PARK

NONE OF us had looked forward to spending Christmas in Russia. But there it was—December 25th—squarely in the middle of our two-week tour of the Soviet Union.

It wasn't the boys that concerned us. Goodness knows, Peter, 18, and Tom, 16, had had enough wonderful Christmases to sustain them through this one non-Christmas. Even Lewis, our 13-year-old, seemed old enough "to take it." But Polly, seven—well, I must confess I was more than a little apprehensive.

The night before we left America, Granny had had a Christmas party for us with a tree, presents, and even a turkey. We had told all the children at that time that this would be our Christmas, our only Christmas.

When I tucked Polly into bed that night we talked about the party and what fun it had been. How much it had seemed like Christmas. As I walked to the door a small voice came from beneath the covers: "But it really wasn't Christmas, was it, Mommy?"

A knock on our door awakened us on that cold, black Christmas morning in Leningrad. My husband drew his wrapper tightly about him as he walked into the sitting room to open the door. Polly burst into the room, her arms laden with gifts. She was dressed in her new green smocked dress and red shoes. Her blonde hair had been neatly

brushed to the side and fastened with a barrette.

"Merry Christmas, everybody," she said, running over to my bed and handing me a crayoned picture which she had made of the manger scene. On the top was written: "To Mommy and Daddy—Merry Xmas." We both thanked her. We had nothing to give her in return.

"Remember, sweetheart," I said, "we agreed that Granny's party would be our Christmas this year."

"I know," she said, "but I just made a *little* more."

I'd have given anything to have had something to give her. Why hadn't I thought of it? Why had I been so sure that she would forget?

The maid wheeled in the breakfast cart and set up six places on the round, brocade-covered table in the sitting room. She talked incessantly as she worked, though she must have known, after four days, that neither my husband nor I understood a word of Russian. At last she pushed the empty cart out into the hall where we heard her pound twice on the children's doors.

One by one the children straggled into the room and sat down at the breakfast table, each one muttering a halfhearted, "Merry Christmas." The breakfast was worse than usual. This time they had sent up cold fish in the place of the eggs we had ordered. That, along with the sweet, warm grape

juice and hunks of black bread with strawberry jam, did little to elevate our spirits.

Polly seemed oblivious to the glum atmosphere as she busily handed crayoned bookmarkers to each of her brothers, made from the construction paper she had brought over with her. She bolted down her breakfast and asked to be excused in order to distribute her manger scenes.

"Who are they for?" Peter asked.

"One's for Sophie [our Intourist guide] and the other's for Tanya."

"Who's Tanya?" we asked.

"You know Tanya," she said. "She's the woman who sits in the hall and collects the keys."

We knew Tanya, all right, and we hadn't liked her from the beginning, with her frozen face and tight lips. And when she did talk she bellowed in a loud voice that could be heard from one end of the hall to the other. Once she had run halfway down a flight of stairs shouting at Peter because he had forgotten to give her his key. Yes, we knew Tanya and although we didn't say it, we all wished Polly had *not* included her on her Christmas list.

Before she left the room her father reminded her that she was to meet us in the lobby at 10 sharp with her hat, coat, and boots on, as we were all being taken to visit an English-speaking school. She promised and fled. Tom was the first

one to break the ensuing silence:

"I really feel sorry for her. Imagine giving that battle-ax Tanya anything—and a *manger scene*. Boy, that'll go over well."

As we walked out of our rooms Tanya's gruff voice reminded us that we had not given her our keys. She was talking on the telephone when I went over and laid them on her desk. Her wide peasant hand rested atop Polly's picture and I looked for some sign of a thaw in her expression. There was none. I wondered how Polly had taken her first disappointment.

Polly and Sophie were talking together in the far corner of the lobby. Sophie, a pretty young woman with a high intelligent forehead, blue eyes and brown hair, had more genuine enthusiasm packed into her 90-pound frame than anyone I had ever met. She was pointing to Polly's picture, and I hoped she was not ridiculing its religious significance. Only the day before at the Hermitage Museum she had referred to the Holy Family, in one of the great paintings, as having sprung from mythology. Sophie was an idealist—she believed in, and worked for, a happy ending. But above all, Sophie was a Communist, and at no time did she let us forget it.

When she saw us approach, she tucked the picture into her large, worn, leather bag and, taking Polly by the hand, led us out the door to the waiting car.

The school was located on the outskirts of Leningrad. It took us half an hour to get there. Polly sat in the front seat between Sophie and the driver. All the way out she talked about Christmas—relating in minute detail to Sophie what she would be doing if she were home. The stockings, the presents, the family dinner, even the turkey and cranberry sauce were described. Sophie listened with apparent interest, but made no comment. My

*Standing beneath
a scowling portrait of
Lenin, Polly said, in a voice
barely audible: "Well,
since this is Christmas
Day, I'd like to sing
a Christmas carol."*



husband and I made several attempts to divert Polly onto other subjects, but each time she managed to revert to Christmas.

The headmistress, an ample woman in her late fifties, greeted us upon our arrival and escorted us to her office. There, standing beneath a large portrait of Lenin, she formally welcomed us to the school. She informed us that the school began with the seven-year-olds in grade one and continued on through the 11th grade. All the classes were conducted in English.

Then, taking Polly's hand, she took us on a tour of the classrooms. In each, the children performed for us with songs, skits, and recitations, all in English. In the older classes, the children were excused for a 10-minute period that they might have an opportunity to converse "with the Americans."

In the first grade, Polly was invited to share a double desk with a little, blonde, blue-eyed Russian girl who had the longest single pigtail I had ever seen. The child spoke English quite well. In no time, she had presented Polly with a small plastic Pinocchio which she had taken from her desk. Polly, in turn, gave her the Santa Claus pin she was wearing on her dress. They giggled.

Again the class entertained us with songs and skits. Over and over again, they sang *It's a Long Way to Tipperary* and *Billy Boy* in voices heavily accented with Russian. Then the headmistress turned to Polly:

"Now, Polly, we have performed for you—what can you do for us?"

Polly squirmed nervously in her seat. Then, at the insistence of the headmistress, she walked slowly and thoughtfully to the front of the room. Standing beneath a scowling portrait of Lenin, Polly said, in a voice barely audible:

"Well, since this is Christmas Day—I think I'd like to sing a Christmas carol." Then, having second thoughts, she asked the headmistress, "Is it all right?"

The headmistress was powerless to say anything but "yes." We held our breath as Polly began:

*Silent night, Holy night,
All is calm, all is bright;*

*Round you Virgin Mother and
Child!*

*Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.*

She plunged into the second verse and her voice was soft and clear. Even her eyes sparkled as they revealed an inner glow. It was then that I realized how wrong we had been to try to suppress her Christmas. How could we expect her to forget something that meant so much in her young life?

My gaze fell upon Sophie, who was listening so intently that for a moment she was oblivious to us all. I watched with amazement as her lips moved along with the Christmas carol. As if she, too, knew the words. Did she? Was she reliving a moment in her own past? I wondered. Then suddenly she became aware of my eyes on her and assumed an almost stern expression.

THE children applauded loudly. The headmistress cut short our visit and hurriedly said good-bye to the class—then hustled us all back to her office, where she presented the children with pins commemorating the fourth anniversary of the school. There was a knock on the door and a young girl (perhaps 13) came shyly into the room and, walking directly over to Polly, handed her a watercolor painting she had made of her that morning. On the top was inscribed: "To Polly from Russian girls—School No. 1, Leningrad—25-XII-'63 year."

Polly was overwhelmed and thanked her over and over again. The girl excused herself to the headmistress and left the room.

In the car, Polly whispered to me: "This is really a Christmas present, isn't it, Mommy?" I told her it most certainly was.

Sophie, who had promised to have lunch with us that day, suddenly changed her plans and asked the driver to leave her off at our hotel. "I am very sorry," she said in her faultless English, "but I must attend to some business. I will meet you at the hotel at two o'clock to take you to the museum." She took Polly's hand in hers, gave it a quick squeeze, and dashed out of the car.

The lunch took forever and it was almost two o'clock before we got up from the table. We hurried up the stairs to our rooms (the elevator was out of order as usual). Tanya was still talking on the telephone. With her left hand she opened the drawer and handed my husband his key and the older boys theirs. When Lewis and Polly asked for their key she bellowed, "Wait." I was annoyed. In another minute, we would be late for Sophie and the museum.

I became increasingly impatient as I waited for her to finish her telephone conversation. At last she slammed down the receiver, got up from the chair and marched down the hall, holding the large brass key out in front of her like a sword. She opened the door and led the way into the room, turning on lights as she went. Then, stopping at the entrance to the sitting room, she pointed to their round table. A tiny plastic Christmas tree, the kind we had seen in the department stores for their New Year's, was standing in the center of the table. Around it were arranged some packages. Three were marked Polly; one was marked Lewis.

"Go open," she said in her loud voice.

"From you?" I asked, still trying to grasp the situation.

"From Sophie and me," she answered, and turned abruptly and walked out of the room.

A plastic wallet for Lewis, a kaleidoscope, a small doll, and a record for Polly. It was unbelievable. The children ran out in the hall to thank Tanya. I waited until they came back.

"Where's Sophie?" Polly asked, as excited as if she had been given a doll house or a bicycle.

"Sophie isn't allowed to come to our rooms," I told her, "but I'll bet she's waiting down in the lobby."

Polly gathered up her presents and started for the door, pausing only a moment to say, "See, Mommy, I knew they'd have Christmas over here."

I couldn't find a suitable answer for her, but somehow I had a feeling that she would always find Christmas wherever she went. □

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That Certain Birthday

*No matter how good the instruction at school may be,
major responsibility for teen-agers' driving rests with parents.*

By Edna W. Chandler

EACH YEAR about 3 million American teen-agers get their first driver's licenses. And it's on the special birthday when their youngster applies for a learner's permit that parents often begin to realize, belatedly, that they have not prepared for it.

The steam probably has been gathering since your child became a teen-ager. A year or so later, you may have felt some pressure:

"Let me drive here, Dad. Hardly anyone comes down this road—and I have to learn sometime, don't I?"

That is the time to let him know that Christian attitudes are applicable to traffic laws as well as to other human activities.

"No, Bill, we simply can't let you drive until you reach the legal age."

Not long ago I took a high-school girl home from a youth meeting. "Your car shifts just like ours," she remarked.

"It won't be long until you'll be taking the driver-training course, will it, Jane?"

"Oh, I can't get my permit for

six months yet, but I already know how to drive. Mother taught me. She lets me drive to the store when she goes, and a few times I went by myself."

"But that's against the law!"

She laughed. "My folks say they'll take a chance with me. There's hardly any traffic—and, besides, cops almost never show up here."

There are too many such fond parents who not only break the law but also smile when their children do it. If you run a red light when you are in a hurry, ignore caution signs, or exceed the speed limit, how can you expect your young driver to do otherwise?

When the day comes and your teen-ager gets a learner's permit, who will teach him how to drive? You can, of course, and millions of parents do. But parents tend to be hypercritical and overemotional about their own children's errors.

Frightened by a near collision, for example, you might shout: "I told you to pay attention to that stop sign! What do you want to do?

Get all of us killed or injured?"

The young driver does not want to get anyone killed, of course, but he does want desperately to drive a car alone. Maybe he could sneak it out and practice somewhere by himself. He knows he could do a lot better without you breathing down his neck.

Maybe you are not the emotional type. You are very calm, but you do have a few bad habits. Perhaps, for example, you are a bumper-hugger. You never have had an accident because your brakes are always good and your reactions excellent. But that is not a safe driving pattern to teach.

Here is where driver education at your local high school comes to your aid. Nearly a million youngsters a year now get behind-the-wheel training and class instruction.

Programs vary, but all follow a general pattern. Each class first studies the rules of the road, driving practices and problems, and car care—often with the aid of excellent driver-education movies. There

No Youngsters in This Driving Class!

ARISING accident rate among older drivers is causing licensing authorities in some states to nudge many of them out of the driver's seat. But is this step always necessary?

Judge Sherman G. Finesilver of Denver District Court says that many over-65 drivers can be helped to be better drivers. This is especially true of persons who received their first license 50 years ago and have not taken a driver's examination since then.



Judge Finesilver

They learned to drive on narrow, uncrowded roads at slow speeds, and many of them have not kept up with changes in traffic laws or learned the driving skills necessary on speedways.

Under Judge Finesilver's direction, Denver set up the nation's first senior-citizen driving course. The school bell first rang April 24, 1962, for 125 eager students over 65 who had applied for the refresher course taught by experts.

Among the subjects they studied were: freeway driving, using the amber light, your duties in case of an accident, and how to live as a pedestrian.

The high scores on the stiff, 60-question examination at the end of the course demonstrated that older drivers can be good drivers if given a chance.

So well received was Judge Finesilver's school that Denver is scheduling other classes to help senior citizens update their driving skills, and nearby towns are planning to enroll their senior citizens in courses like Denver's.

Judge Finesilver has received inquiries from cities all over the U.S. about starting similar classes. His manual,¹ *Safety Tips for the Senior Citizen*, would be a starter for other schools.—HELEN KORTZ

¹ A copy of Judge Finesilver's manual may be obtained by writing to him c/o Denver District Court, Denver, Colo.—EWS.

is practice in a simulated car unit and discussions about the driver's legal and moral responsibilities.

Next, the class is divided into small groups and practice begins in dual-control cars. Each student must learn all kinds of turns at various legal speeds. He is taught parallel and diagonal parking. His graduation drive is a trip through the center of town as well as on a high-speed road. During these practice drives, he also is checked about his knowledge of highway laws.

When he has met all the requirements successfully, he receives his completion card. That little card means money to the teen-ager and his parents. Most major insurance companies have so much respect for it that they grant a 10 percent deduction off the usual premium increase which goes into effect when a teen driver is added to the family. At least one company even allows an additional rate reduction if the young driver maintains a grade average of B or better. Such reductions apply only to boy drivers, however. Girls, the insurance companies believe, are more careful than boys, so the rate increases their fathers must pay are not so high.

But driver-training programs are not the heart of the answer, fine as they usually are. They are not intended to relieve parents of their responsibilities. They are planned to teach, in an unemotional atmosphere, the technical aspects of good driving. Teachers are also expected to stress personal responsibility and regard for others, but they only underline what you should have been teaching by word and example.

Parents must constantly point out that it is not only sensible to drive within the limits of the law but that it is also the only right thing to do. Love of our fellow human beings and concern for the welfare of others, including our own young drivers, should be all the motivation needed for giving the best kind of education through example.

When an energetic young American takes to the highways, he must share those roads with 96 million other drivers—old, young, and middle-aged, careful and careless, sober and drunk, alert and fatigued.

Your child, however sensible and

skilled, is never going to be wholly safe, thanks to the transportation environment we have bequeathed him. But parents can do many positive and practical things to help their children stay alive.

If there is a driver-training course in your high school, study the manual along with your teen-ager. Know the rules and attitudes he is being taught. Ask to sit in on a movie in the training unit, and watch him work with a simulated car. Find out what he is being taught so your advice will not contradict the class instruction. Note that most students are serious about every part of their training.

If your school does not have driver training, study the motor vehicle code of your state. Know exactly what your child must know before he passes the driving test. You may be surprised at how much you have forgotten.

Above all, teach your child that you believe in traffic laws enough to abide by them and that you expect the same of your family.

A parent who lives by the Golden Rule in the small but vital things like waiting his turn at a four-way stop is not likely to be shamed by the family's newly licensed driver. But say Dad does yield to a reckless impulse and charges through such an intersection out of turn, on the bumper of the car ahead. The children watch with eyes popping.

"Boy, Dad, you sure showed them!" the kids exclaim.

Dad grins like an overgrown kid. Sure he made it; he knew what his car could do. Yes, Dad made it—but did he realize how many people took a blood-pressure beating because of it? He frightened one driver, angered another, confused a third. For what? Just to show that he had not grown up.

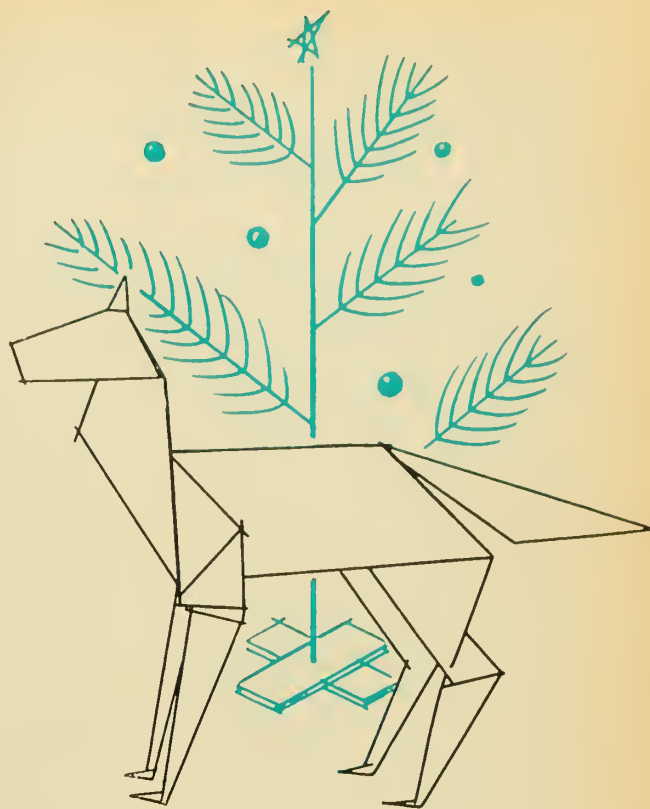
Worst of all, a bad seed took root in the children's minds. When they are licensed to drive, they may try the same thing, and not make it.

Your young driver needs a constant example of Christian thoughtfulness, even in driving situations not likely to be hazardous. We can budget millions for driver education programs, and it will help, but the final responsibility rests with Mother and Dad. And that's exactly where it belongs. □

The Paper Horse

By ELIZABETH SCOTT

Not a paper decoration for the tree, but a contribution made from the heart with love, it was a gift to transcend the holy season.



ON THE swirl of a Christmas-week blizzard, Hirata Yamaguchi, newest foreign student at our local college, arrived at our door. Tall and fragile as a flower stalk he was, wrapped in a long, thin coat, his crow-black hair sequined with snowflakes. My husband lifted the luggage over the threshold. In the warm living room, the young man bowed, and melting snow ran down his cheeks. "Professor and honorable madam, I remain your humble servant."

"Konichi wa, Yamaguchi-San, watakushi wa Elizabeth desu," I dared, offering my hand.

Mr. Yamaguchi's face lit up like a Roman candle. "Ah, madam, yes, the dean say you visit once Japan. We talk much Japanese."

By the inflection of his voice, I knew the dean had oversold me. I had spent one year in Occupied Japan, and my only verbal baggage was a Japanese phrase book, circa 1944. Nevertheless, Mr. Yamaguchi's enthusiasm went to my head. "Kohi o dozo?" I asked, regretting that I had forgotten to buy green

tea. Yes, he would like coffee.

As I went to the kitchen to make it, our three children thundered down the stairs. My husband introduced them. From the kitchen doorway, I watched them shake hands. The next moment, they were perched tightly together on the edge of the davenport, like chilled birds on a telephone wire, staring wide-eyed and openmouthed. Then, our middle child, the only perceptive one we have, established the identity of our guest for his brother and sister. Overturning an ash tray, he pointed to the label on the bottom and whispered: "Made in Japan, just like Mr. Yamaguchi."

I poured the coffee and checked the casserole in the oven—tuna and macaroni whose universal acceptance is rivaled only by peanut butter. It was bubbling good-naturedly. I hoped our guest would.

Remembering my own cultural shock in a strange country, I felt it was important that Mr. Yamaguchi feel at home during his first holiday in America, and that he return to the college dormitory with

appreciation for our country and its people. He was only one of 60,000 foreign students in American colleges and universities. The United States would give him the education he wanted and needed, but what of abiding friendship and mutual understanding?

Mr. Yamaguchi held his coffee mug tightly in both hands, as if trying to come to grips with his new environment. Deep, dark eyes held hope and homesickness. I suspected he was remembering that day a month earlier when he had boarded the freighter in Yokohama harbor, weighing that decision now against the fearful eagerness of the moment. My husband and I kept the silence, and even the children obviously touched by a feeling they could not define, remained speechless.

At the dinner table, the children said grace. After a long moment, our guest said: "You praise God, no?" We nodded. "It is strange. In my country, we praise the one who prepares the meal."

I should live in Japan, I thought,

and my husband said, "Perhaps we can praise God and my wife as well." The idea was unanimously approved, and for the next 17 days God and I were thanked thrice daily for Wheaties, peanut butter, fish, and rice.

The first evening's conversation set a linguistic record. Mr. Yamaguchi, although he had studied English for six years with a British professor in Tokyo, had had no conversational practice. He insisted that we speak Japanese. We insisted that he speak English. We all complied. Whenever Mr. Yamaguchi could not find the English words to express himself, he repeated gravely the British-clipped sentence: "The caravan requires petrol." My husband, 16 years removed from Army intelligence work, shouted in frightening Japanese: "Halt! Who goes there?" and I, clutching my wartime manual, answered bravely: "I am a machine gunner. Why is the airfield full of chuckholes?" Between our laughs and our halts, we machine-gunned many caravans!

By the fourth day, the children could sit on their heels on the floor and play the card game *shinaraba* without foreign aid; my husband and I could write our names in *hiragana*, *katakana*, and *kanji*; and Mr. Yamaguchi could sing, in English, all the verses of *Silent Night*. Watching him was like watching an unfolding flower. As he gained confidence in himself, and in us, we were able to discuss everything from the price of tea strainers at the Mitsukoshi department store to Gamow's theory of the expanding universe. When verbal communications failed, we wrote notes or drew pictures.

When the news spilled out (it never leaks in a small town) that Professor Scott had a real live Japanese man at his house, neighborhood children, in snowsuits and

galoshes, clumped into our living room. The first little fellow held out his mittened hand and, prompted by our older son, shouted, "*Ohayo!*" (Good morning), giggled, and ran away. The next eight children stood their ground. I went to the kitchen to start lunch.

Before long, silence settled upon the house. An hour later my husband found galoshes, snowsuits, 14 children, and Mr. Yamaguchi in the attic with the electric train. Our Japanese guest rocked on hands and knees, his nose pressed to the transformer. Two passenger trains and one freight careened over an intricate network of track. The small children hollered: "Faster!" while older ones hustled to lay more track. We ate lunch at four.

Late on Christmas Eve, after the children were in bed, Mr. Yamaguchi helped my husband and me wrap packages. He was all thumbs, the paper tore in his hands and the sticky tape cemented his fingers together. When a string of lights burned out on the tree, he offered to make the replacement. Instead, he fingered the tinsel and the glittering ornaments, most of which came from boxes bearing the stamp, "Made in Japan."

At one, the telephone rang. I rushed to answer. "Your party is on," said the overseas operator in San Francisco. In the background, I heard Japanese. "Just a minute! *Chotto matte!*" I shouted, while my husband hurried Mr. Yamaguchi to the phone. Then came a torrent of Japanese, the words cascading from the receiver. My husband and I, silently grateful that the prearranged call had gone through on schedule, tiptoed to our seats. Now and then we heard our names. Finally came the word, "*sayonara*," and the quiet click of the telephone onto its cradle.

Mr. Yamaguchi turned to face us, his eyes filled. "Professor and madam, I—I do not know how to thank you."

My husband blew his nose loudly. "It was the present we thought you'd like best."

"Your family is well?" I asked.

His eyes glistened. "Oh, yes." He stared at the floor. "And my mother say she so happy Americans be kind to me."

Yes, I thought, his mother was fearful. She would remember what our B-29s took to Tokyo.

Then, suddenly, Mr. Yamaguchi reached down to the pile of unwrapped gifts, and seized the large box labelled, "Origami, the Oriental Art of Paper-Folding." I had forgotten I had bought it months ago for our daughter. "Please, madam, may I have one sheet?"

"Of course."

A moment later, he was squatting on the floor. Fingers, now nimble, folded and refolded the large sheet of colorful, tissue-thin paper. Fold after intricate fold was made, layer upon layer built up until the center of the design was like a piece of quilting, with long points protruding at one side.

At last he stood up, the finished figure supported in the palm of one hand. Before anyone could speak, the children were upon us. Perhaps the telephone had awakened them. Our smallest shouted: "Look! Mr. Yamaguchi made a horse."

The middle one said: "It's a dog!"

"Even a dunce can see it's a camel!" the oldest corrected.

Mr. Yamaguchi grinned and his fingers trembled only slightly as he set the animal astride the nearest branch of Norway pine. Stepping back to consider, he said softly, "Yes, I sink it is many things. Each, in the heart, decides."

And that was Mr. Yamaguchi's gift to us—not a paper decoration for the tree, but the joy of involvement in a world he did not understand—a contribution made from the heart with love. It was a gift to transcend the holy season.

Our daughter played *Silent Night* at the piano, and the rest of us, arms linked, watched the paper "horse" dancing in the golden light, its head raised to the stars. □

TINSEL

A wise man separates life's wheat from chaff
And shuns the winsome gleam of worthless gem;
He hangs no tinsel that would hide the Star
And takes a quiet road to Bethlehem.

—June E. Foye

New Jersey Area

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EDITOR

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VOLUME 9, NUMBER 12

DECEMBER, 1965

Methodist Relay Expands to North

Official members of the Northern New Jersey Conference will welcome an old friend of the Southern Conference into their homes on December 1, when *The Methodist Relay* expands from the official organ of the Southern New Jersey Conference into the official organ of the New Jersey Area.

The *Relay* has been part of the official program in the Southern N.J. Conference for 10 years, coming into the homes of all officials of every conference church 10 times each year. It brings news of the activities of local churches and conference, announces coming conference activities, and presents features of interest to local church officials.

As the new organ of the area, the policy will be expanded to include the interests of both conferences, as well as the area program. It will be sent without cost to all officials of every local church.

Bishop Taylor and the area cabinet have appointed the editorial board with one representative from each district. Local churches with news and pictures of interest to the area membership should forward them to the editor assigned to their district. The *Relay* depends completely upon the receipt of photos from local churches, as well as news supplied to the

district editor by pastors or publicity people in the local congregations.

Those who will serve on the editorial board will include the present staff of the *Relay* in the Southern N.J. Conference. Chairman of this group is the Rev. Robert J. Beyer, 50 Bonnie Lane, Willingboro, who also handles news from the Trenton District; the Rev. E. Jay Amey, 351 N. Delsea Dr., Clayton, Bridgeton District; the Rev. J. Swain Houtain, 87 Borden-town Rd., Trenton, New Brunswick District; and the Rev. David A. Wilson, Jr., Box 307, Cherry Hill, Camden District.

For the Northern N.J. Conference, the following have been appointed: Chairman, the Rev. Paul N. Jewett, White Hall Rd., Towaco 07082, Western District; the Rev. Richard Gilbert, 48 Roseland Ave., Roseland 07068, Eastern District; the Rev. Howard H. Remaly, 6 Larchmont Rd., Fords 08863, Southern District; and the Rev. Mahlon H. Smith, Jr., 11 Highgate Terrace, Bergenfield 07621, Northern District.

In addition, Daniel Merlo of Trenton serves with the editorial group in charge of makeup, composition, and other mechanical aspects of the publication.

Subscriptions to the *Relay* from non-

(Continued on page A-3)

MYF Officers Elected For Southern New Jersey

Pictured below are the officers of the Southern New Jersey Methodist Youth Fellowship, elected at the annual MYF weekend at Ocean City, in September.

They are, seated, left to right: Jean Thornton, Naomi Eldridge, Judy Broome, president; Dorothy Teat, and Donna Fiedler. Standing: The Rev. Richard Bridge, Mrs. Charlotte Schaff, Carol Bartleson, Holly Berg, Carlton Bodine, (directly in back) David Chamberlain, Mike Sims, Herb Parunak, and the Rev. Clyde Schaff.

Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., was the featured speaker at the weekend gathering which brought together more than 2,100 senior high-school youth and their advisors at the seashore community. The theme of the bishop's addresses were: *Great Decisions Young People Are Facing Today*.

Several hundred youth responded to the bishop's plea for dedication to vocations which are church-related, and became members of the Bishop's Crusaders, a group begun by former resident Bishop Fred Pierce Corson. The weekend program was planned by David Chamberlain, director of youth work for the Southern New Jersey Conference; and the Rev. Clyde A. Schaff, executive secretary of the conference Board of Education.



Officers and advisors of the Southern New Jersey Methodist Youth Fellowship pose at Ocean City.

Christmas Can Mean a New Dawn

There never was a time when there was greater need for the consciousness of a vast reflecting light which darkness cannot put out than now. We need the guidance of a star that leads to the Bethlehem of new hopes, new frontiers, new visions, new paths to brotherhood, peace and good will, a new list of values and an unswerving devotion to God. We need undaunted faith in the possibilities of good and the confidence and courage to "do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with God."

The Christmas story brings the blessed assurance that Christ came into the world as "the true light that enlightens every man," and that turns darkness into day. The Christmas message over 1,900 years has been a constant reminder that through every period of human darkness Christ has shone out as the light which could not be overcome by the perils of history.

Our world has been one of continuous darkness and despair. While flashes of hope have continued to dawn, they have been dimmed by new upsurges of brutality and dismay. The Christmas story does not promise a world where no darkness is; rather, it is a declaration that "the light still shines in darkness and the darkness has not put it out." Christmas shifts the emphasis from the darkness to the light, and it is the light that matters most.

This Christmas of 1965 can have its deepest meaning for us only as we seek to discover that light which Christ alone reflects and to keep within its path. Christmas is the celebration of a heritage—a heritage of almost 20 centuries—through which the spirit of our Master has brought rays of light into the darkest hours of every century. It has captured the imagination of saints and martyrs who have been unrelenting in their zeal for righteousness. They have upheld the light of love in almost every area of life and through it men have discovered new paths to fellowship and understanding which is so necessary today.

It is a sad commentary on our insights, however, that we still see so dimly and walk so feebly along the road of personal dedication to the good and co-operative ventures for social justice, brotherhood, peace and good will. It is tragic indeed that after 20 centuries of the light which Christmas indicates we still walk in darkness following the old paths which lead to war, graft, wretchedness and greed.

Christmas can mean for us a new dawn if we will allow it to reawaken within us a sense of the Divine, and the wisdom to follow Christ.

PRINCE A. TAYLOR, JR.



Dr. Stonesifer

Drew Installs Liberal Arts Dean in Colorful Ceremony

Dr. Richard J. Stonesifer was installed as the seventh dean of the College of Liberal Arts of Drew University in colorful ceremonies held on the Madison campus, October 12.

The installation, part of the Founders' Day ceremonies, brought to the campus representatives of educational institutions from throughout the world, as well as alumni and friends of the university. Principal guest speaker was Dr. Loren C. Eiseley, university professor of anthropology and the history of science in the Graduate School of the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Eiseley's subject was *Man: The Listener in the Web*, in which he pictured man in the web of history, past, present, and future, which he has spun.

The new Drew dean, prior to his election, was assistant to the provost and director of the College of General Studies at the University of Pennsylvania. He is a graduate of Franklin and Marshall College, Northwestern University, and the University of Pennsylvania, and has also studied at Oxford and Shrivensham American University while serving in the Air Force in England.

Dr. Stonesifer was installed by President Robert Fisher Oxnam of Drew. Others participating in the program were: Dr. David R. Goddard, provost of the University of Pennsylvania; Dean Stanley R. Hopper of the Graduate School of the university; and Dean Charles W. Ranson of the Theological School.

Trenton District Lay Leader Dies

Fred L. Applegate, lay leader of the Trenton District of the Southern New Jersey Conference, died unexpectedly on October 13, after having been taken ill during that afternoon.

A resident of Hamilton Square, Mr. Applegate was a member of Greenwood Avenue Church in Trenton, which he had served in various positions, including chairman of the commission on education. He had been lay leader of the Trenton District since 1952.

Services were conducted on October 15, at the Greenwood Avenue Church, with Bishop Taylor and District Superintendent George R. Probert assisting the Rev. Donald T. Phillips, Jr. In his eulogy, Mr. Phillips praised the departed lay leader as a man "whose whole life was the church." He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Bertha Applegate.

The death of Mr. Applegate is the second in the ranks of the Southern New Jersey lay officialdom in recent months. Herbert J. Schoellkopf of Merchantville, former conference lay leader, died during the summer.

Conference Lay Leader Robert Mum-

ford announced that the Trenton District Laymen's Banquet, scheduled for early November at Willingboro, would be held as scheduled with a special memorial service honoring Mr. Applegate. Planning the banquet was the last official act which Mr. Applegate completed prior to his death.

Mission Program Called Outstanding

Caldwaller Heights Church in Trenton has just completed an outstanding school of missions with the theme, *Mission: The Christian's Calling*.

Under the direction of Harry H. Hughes, chairman of the commission on missions, the school featured programs by Mrs. Harvey Winn, assistant director of the New Jersey Bureau of Children's Services; Miss Janet Evans, deaconess and missionary to Peru; and the Rev. and Mrs. John Paolini, missionaries to Algeria.

The concluding evening featured the film *Almost Neighbors* and an original dialogue story by Mrs. John Elder, a member of the church, called "Bridges in Bixton."

DECEMBER, 1965 Vol. 9, No. 12
TOGETHER is an official organ of The Methodist Church, issued monthly by The Methodist Publishing House, 201 Eighth Avenue South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203. Publisher: Lovick Pierce.

Subscriptions: \$5 a year in advance, single copy 50 cents. TOGETHER CHURCH PLAN subscriptions through Methodist churches are \$2.52 per year, cash in advance, or 63 cents per quarter, billed quarterly. Second-class postage has been paid in Nashville, Tenn.



Experimental Jazz Service Held at Drew Theological School

Jazz leader Joe Newman recently brought his artistry to the realm of church worship during a jazz service for new students at the Theological School at Drew.

Mr. Newman, who has played many

years with jazz greats Count Basie and Lionel Hampton, teamed his jazz quartet with liturgy provided by the Rev. John G. Gensel, Lutheran missionary to the New York area jazz community, to produce the service.

The event, which attracted persons from the entire area to the Drew campus, was planned as an expression of the current experimentation in new forms of worship and the new methods of church outreach to society.

Pleasantville Pastor On Evangelistic Tour

Salem Church, Pleasantville, has sent its pastor and wife, the Rev. and Mrs. John L. Ewing, to Scandinavia as part of an evangelistic mission sponsored by the General Board of Evangelism. Mr. Ewing is president of the Southern N. J. Board of Evangelism.

The pastor was nominated by the General Board for the mission and his selection was endorsed by Bishop Taylor. A group of 32 pastors are making the journey.

The mission is sponsored jointly by Bishop Odd Hagen, Division of World Missions, and the General Board of Evangelism. Lasting from November 1-18, the mission will allow Mr. Ewing to work at churches in Norway, Denmark, and Sweden for eight days each. The pastor will preach on each Sunday in the local church to which he is assigned, and then will work with the pastor and congregation during the week in techniques of evangelism.

Plans Announced for Convocation

Plans have been announced by Dr. Clark W. Hunt for the first annual New Jersey Area Convocation on the Ministry, which will be held at The Inn, Buck Hill Falls, Pa., from February 15-17, 1966.

The new convocation, which will replace similar programs of the New York and Philadelphia Areas in the schedule of area clergy, will be the first major co-operative effort of the two conferences.

Speakers for the convocation will be Bishop Gerald Kennedy in the area of preaching, Dr. Roy Nichols on current social concerns, and Dean Charles Ranson as the lecturer in theology. In addition, Bishop Earl Ledden, who has been serving on the staff of Wesley Theological Seminary since his retirement, has agreed to serve as worship leader. Area Bishop

Prince A. Taylor, Jr., will share the experience with the ministers, and will speak to the group on a topic of special interest.

Planned over a three-day period, the convocation will allow ample time for rest and relaxation as well as the lectures. A feature of the new program will be informal discussions with the three lecturers each night.

Information will be sent to all lay leaders and clergy during the next month. Reservations at The Inn will be made on the basis of first-come, first-served. The Rev. Edward Cheney of Millville will be business manager and Dr. Hunt is chairman of the planning committee.

METHODIST RELAY—

(Continued from page A-1)

officials cost \$1 per year and should be sent to Mr. Houtain.

Information and pictures for the *TOGETHER Area News Edition* should continue to be sent to Mr. Beyer.

Consecrate New Sanctuary At Mountain View Church

Pictured below is a "solemn moment" following the recent consecration service of the new sanctuary of Mountain View Church in Wayne.

Unprepared for the photographer's quick reflexes were the participants in the service, left to right: Henry Betham, chairman of the board of trustees; James Laughlin, building committee chairman; the Rev. Dean Lanning, minister; John Meyer, architect; Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr.; Herman Kahman, contractor; the Rev. Forest Fuess, superintendent of the Northern District of the Northern New Jersey Conference; Dr. Robert Brubaker, lay leader; and the Rev. Richard Klein, pastor of Westside Church in Paterson.

The new sanctuary, built at a cost of \$240,000, adjoins the educational building which was constructed in 1957. During the consecration of the sanctuary, the mortgage-burning for the educational unit was held. The Mountain View Church facilities are set on a 10½-acre plot and are valued at \$500,000.

Two Prepare for Service Overseas

Two Northern New Jersey young people are on their way to mission assignments as special-term missionaries of The Methodist Church.

Heading to Bolivia to work as an educational missionary is Miss Joy Holloway, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Parker Holloway. Before arriving in South America, however, her journey will lead to a three-and-one-half-month stay in Costa Rica where she will attend the Spanish School.

Already in study is the second member of the duet, the Rev. Nishan J. Najarian, who will serve the educational needs at Soochow University in Taiwan. Mr. Najarian arrived in the Chinese Republic in September and immediately began the study of the Chinese language.

Born in Morristown, the daughter of a parsonage family, Miss Holloway received her degree in English from Western Maryland College in Westminster, Md., this spring.

Mr. Najarian was born in East Orange and received degrees at both Drew and New York University. Until 1965 he was

director of student affairs and chaplain at Fairleigh Dickinson University, and also served as pastor of the Knickerbocker Avenue Church in Brooklyn, N.Y. He is a member of the Northern New Jersey Conference.

Both young missionaries are serving for three-year terms under the special missionary program of the Board of World Missions.

Windows Honor Member

Trinity Church in Trenton has dedicated three new windows in memory of Anne Apgar Murray, a faithful member of the church and its predecessor, State Street Church. The windows were given by her sister.

Two large chancel window panels are representatives of God the Father and the seven days of creation, and God the Holy Spirit, with the seven gifts of the spirit. The smaller choir window is of stained glass and is a brilliant example of the contemporary use of this glass.





Is He not with all who grieve, suffering with their sorrow and sharing the burden of loneliness?

WHERE IS Christ TODAY?

IN THE 20 centuries since Jesus of Nazareth was born, the world has been turned upside down. Yet the meaning of his life and death and Resurrection is fresh and unchanging. He came to redeem the world—yesterday, today, tomorrow. And he is present today in all the affairs of men. He is there where joy is celebrated, where grief oppresses, where life is distorted—even where he is denied.

On these pages are illustrated a few life-experiences of greatest intensity. The point is simply this: to truly follow

Christ, we also must participate in the whole of life. And we are called to witness for him, not by condemning from afar, not by isolating ourselves from things alien or distasteful, but by developing a sensitivity to the needs of others and by becoming involved—particularly where there is inhumanity, suffering, and poverty of the spirit. For, as Dietrich Bonhoeffer wrote, the Christian belongs “not in the seclusion of a cloistered life, but in the thick of foes. There is his commission, his work.”

WHERE IS Christ TODAY?



Is He not also among those who degrade the dignity of life, who deny the oneness of all men in Christ?



*Man's inhumanity to man
is a denial of Christ's presence.
Among those dispossessed, the
victims of war and greed and want,
he is present, suffering.*

IN MEMORY OF
PEDER SATHER

1810 - 1886

We
ADVOCATE
FREE
SPEECH!
DO YOU?



Students
for a
Democratic
Society

SD.

Me

Te

Monday

8:00-

Important or

*Christ was a revolutionary;
so, too, are many of the young
who have not rationalized
injustice as have some of their
elders. Even if their methods
and remedies are unconventional,
we can learn much from their
restlessness, their impatience,
their protests. In them, as
in us, Christ is at work.*



WHERE
IS
Christ
TODAY:

Is He not here as the young learn, at play, some of the lessons of life?

...And in that moment when two lives become one?



...And in sharing simple chores of a happy home?



EMPLOYMENT SERVICE DEPARTMENT OF LABOR



Who shares the desperation, the degradation of a man without work to support his family?



Wherever decisions are made that influence the lives of men, Christ is

WHERE IS Christ TODAY?



*These are children of God.
Must they be treated as cattle,
robbed of their dignity and freedom?
For if any man is in bondage,
none of us is free.*

*They seek meaning in life
but have not found it. Christ
is here, too—not to judge
but to share. If he is not
acknowledged, the failure is not
his, but ours. For through us
he is made known to others.
How can we reach those
who despair, who deny him?*



his presence be acknowledged on both sides of this bargaining table?





What man has not asked himself, "What am I doing here? Where am I going?"

WHERE IS Christ TODAY?

AS Christians, we profess that only in Christ can we discover the quality and the ultimate meaning of life. Only as we encounter him in the midst of his world are we freed to live life fully, openly, without fear and pretense. Our response to this gift of freedom is the desire to share

it with all men, to demonstrate its reality through the quality of our lives.

Our mission today is as his: "For God sent the Son into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world might be saved through him" (John 3:17). □

And she gave birth to her firstborn son and wrapped him in swaddling cloths, and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn.—Luke 2:7

No Room in the Inn

By WILLIAM L. WOODALL

MILLIONS of words have been spoken, enacted, and written around this greatest event in history. And not a few have been directed, both in accusation and in defense, at an innkeeper of Bethlehem for his part in causing the Incarnation to be accomplished in a stable.

I well remember my first Christmas sermon as a young minister and how I darkened the season of peace on earth and goodwill among men with a diatribe against this bit actor in the Nativity drama.

"Preach the Bible!" I had been told, and so I did just that. I failed to lift the innkeeper out of his hostelry or to remove the event from its biblical context. Defenseless, he stood in the door of his hotel, accused of the worst of crimes. He had rejected God!

Now, many years later, I realize that the crime was not his, nor was it a tragedy that there were no physical accommodations in his inn for the Holy Family. The crime and tragedy is that after almost 2,000 years there is still "no place . . . in the inn."

The hapless innkeeper was much less a brute than he often has been pictured. How much better off, actually, were Mary, Joseph, and the Baby in the quiet privacy of the stable than they would have been in the confusion of the inn. Could Luke have been trying to preach a sermon a half century later, using the innkeeper as an example of exclusiveness and indifference?

Gospel writers Matthew, Mark,

Luke, and John all lived to see mankind's door being barred tighter and tighter against the entrance of God through Christ. There was no room for his teachings in Galilee and Judea. There was no room in his church for his message to the poor and the downtrodden. There was no room in his country for his prophetic utterances, and no room in the hearts of his fellowmen for the love of God that he preached. He was an embarrassment to leaders of the religious establishment and to their way of life, so they found no difficulty in finding room for him on a cross.

Yes, "preach the Bible!" Keep the situation as it was in those days. Let us hear how they rejected Christ and how they finally were destroyed because of their indifference. It served "them" right, for "they" had no room for him.

But the guilt does not rest on them alone. The inn is still crowded with people, things, ideas, business, and confusion; and we, today, are still in the process of slamming the door in Jesus' face in a way the ancient innkeeper never intended to do. We like to talk about *them* back in those days because it takes some of the feeling of guilt off *our* hearts.

It is a safe guess that, if the often maligned innkeeper had known whom he was turning away from his door, he would have had some serious second thoughts about not letting them in. Undoubtedly, he would have found room for the family even if he had had to put

an earlier arrival out. But, of course, he did not know. He was running a business to accommodate people overnight. His inn was full; that was what he was in business for; and that was that. Joseph had made no reservations for himself and wife as "very important persons," so they were not expected.

How much different the world would be, we imagine, if we could only turn the clock back and start over again at some crucial point in history. If the innkeeper had only had our knowledge of the events that were happening right under his nose, how much differently he would have acted! Or would he? If the other travelers staying at the inn had been told that the parents of the Messiah were outside the door, how excited they would have been! Or would they?

But we have the evidence and advantages of history. We know who it was that was rejected that Christmas Eve. We know what God had planned for him to do. We know now that he was the Messiah, the Christ, the Son of the living God. We know that he was God Incarnate, come to bring peace, healing, and salvation to the world. Oh, the things we could have told that innkeeper and his guests!

How much easier it is to live the lives of those people than to take these great messages seriously ourselves. What has happened to the peace and goodwill the angels sang about? We have torn a beautiful world to pieces with instruments of war. God sent us a baby to bring

MY *Pakistani*

WASTEBASKET



THIS THING of split cane that looks like millions of other wastebaskets has an amazing character. It is a drab, neat, serviceable container for my discards. Yet it speaks for the lowly weaver who made it, helping him to say, "I am a person. I can do something in this world." In due course, this basket came to preside in my room of our West Pakistan home and take charge of me.

My Wastebasket knows he will have to receive whatever I put into him, but he reacts noticeably.

He accepts most things with an it-cannot-be-helped attitude. But just let me throw away my husband's old oilcan for his cycle, and Wastebasket somehow signals him to retrieve his beloved possession. With a gleam of censure in his eye, my husband picks up the wreck of an oilcan. What's that paper sticking to it? An unpaid bill? Oh my!

To my confusion, my husband and Wastebasket seem to understand each other! Never does Wastebasket send out signals to him but my husband responds and recovers a disreputable-looking treasure.

After Christmas, Wastebasket assumes a pensive, almost regretful, air as he holds envelopes from Christmas cards and the notes from the cards. The pictures I am saving for next Christmas, because schoolchildren will enjoy them. Wastebasket approves of that.

"But," he asks, "what about those loving wishes from the senders themselves? Aren't they the really valuable parts of the cards? Of course, there never is room in a

house to store everything, but if you must throw away these tokens, at least treasure their memory in your heart and mind." Sincerely and obediently I answer, "I do."

Sometimes, Wastebasket helps me to be tactful. When the winter is cold and clothing is hard to get, poor people are pitifully willing to accept anything we discard. But there are times when a garment is so worn it would seem insulting to offer it to a person.

At such times, Wastebasket says, "Give it to me. I'll take care of it for you. Just watch!"

A few days later we see a child happy in a patched and colorful old sweater. How proud he is of his father who retrieved it from Wastebasket. No patronizing hand-me-down is it but a treasure.

Last Sunday was Wastebasket's gala day. During the week, I had thrown away my bishop-husband's old purple rabat. Our sweeper retrieved it when he emptied Wastebasket.

Sunday morning, my husband was wearing a new purple rabat when he stood up in the pulpit. In one pew were our sweeper and his family, dressed in their Sunday best. His little son, Munna, was wearing canary-yellow pants, pink shirt, orange cap—and under his little round chin, a purple bib. It was the bishop's old rabat cut down to size.

Seeing it, I immediately felt a harmony between dignified age and childhood, between pulpit and pew, between the new rabat and the old. Wastebasket at home was delighted and so was I.—HELEN C. ROCKEY

his people back to him, and we still let babies starve to death because we cannot resolve our political differences long enough to distribute surplus food and share our medical knowledge with each other.

Again and again, Christ proved his divinity, and we have tried to make him an errand boy to get God to do our bidding that our will may be done on earth as his is done in heaven. Are we, those who believe in his divinity, living in the fullness of love and life that he promised? Do our daily lives reflect the rich indwelling of his spirit?

Traveling the highways of our vast country, who has not tried occasionally to squeeze just a few more miles out of the daylight hours, only to find "no vacancy" signs lighted when he wished to stop for a night's rest?

Surely in our haste we have hung the sign out to him when he came to ask us to feed his lambs, to visit his sick, or to water his sheep.

We are so busy enjoying the benefits he has made possible for us that we have no time to see who it is that is knocking on our door.

The artist Holman Hunt pictured Christ with a lantern in his hand, knocking at the door of a vine-covered cottage at eventide. A friend of the artist remarked to Hunt that it was a beautiful picture, but he had forgotten to paint a handle on the door. That, said Hunt, is the point. The door has to be opened from the inside.

Jesus does not force his way into our lives. The latch of our hearts is inside the door, in our keeping. Only we can open it and let him in.

Think what happened to those who did open the door. Peter and James saw him by the lakeside and opened to him. Paul's door, so tightly shut for years, suddenly swung open, and astounding change came over his life! Unexpected greatness visits them who finally open the door for Christ. He brings strength, warmth, and joy to every life into which he is invited. As Paul wrote, "It is no longer I who live, but Christ who lives in me."

Today, Christ knocks, not at the long-dead innkeeper's door but at ours. Had the innkeeper known who knocked, he might have made room. We do. Let us make room. □

Does separation of church and state mean separation of politics from religion? Must Christians reject the use of power in our vast and complicated society? Or is there a link between the Christian law of love and the political world?

Christian Responsibility In the Political Order

BY JOHN BRADEMAS
Congressman, Third District, Indiana

IT IS LESS necessary than it once was to persuade Americans of the importance of politics in the modern world. We live, whether we like it or not, in a time when the lives of all of us are touched in some important way by the actions of government. Moreover, because of our country's immense power, the lives of millions of people all over the world are affected significantly by decisions of the officials in our government.

I represent a congressional district in northern Indiana with nearly a half million people, and the problems they bring to my office typify the broad impact of government today: Social Security and veteran's pension cases, small-business loans, defense-contract problems, manpower-retraining projects, new post offices, immigration bills.

Nearly two years ago, I experienced firsthand the ways in which the resources of the federal government can be mobilized to meet a crisis that directly touches the lives of thousands of people in a local community. I represent the district in which the Studebaker automobile plant was shut down, throwing several thousands of people out of work and creating serious human hardships as well as economic distress. But we were able to bring together assistance from an extraordinary variety of federal agencies—and not even the local chamber of commerce was decrying federal aid two years ago in South Bend, Ind.

We know, of course, that government plays a most important role in the economy of every modern country. Two World Wars, a depression, the cold war, and the general acceptance of the welfare state are the principal reasons for the vastly increased importance of government in the United States. A year ago I traveled extensively in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Yugoslavia, all communist nations, where nearly the entire economic effort is under government direction. And in the world's newly de-

veloping nations, government is often the focal point not only of economic planning but of nearly every important decision that is made in the entire society.

My point is simple: in modern societies in nearly every part of the world, big government is here to stay.

But if government is an increasingly important factor in the lives of people, it is imperative, at least in a society that claims to be free, for government to be the servant, not the master of the citizens. And in a free society this means recognition of the central—and legitimate—place of politics, of competition and conflict, of struggle for control of the power which government is.

Surely then, there can be no denying the significance of government. Similarly, most of us can give at least tacit assent to the proposition that every citizen in a democracy has some obligation to participate in politics.

Our Concern as Christians

The essential question for us as Christians, however, is this: Why should *we* be concerned about politics, about government? Is there a religious responsibility incumbent upon Christians for action in the political order?

Some say no, that the Christian as an individual and the Christian church as an institution must stand aside from the hurly-burly of politics. Separation of church and state, they argue, is the same as separation of politics from religion.

I strongly disagree with this contention. Moreover, I often find it a thinly disguised argument for maintaining the status quo. I am profoundly afraid of preachers who never preach on anything but how to find personal happiness. The theme of the great World Conference of Christian Youth in Oslo some years ago was *Jesus Christ: Lord of All Life*. This means that

our religious faith must touch every dimension of man's existence—social, economic, and political as well as private and individual.

If this is true, we must then have a specifically Christian perspective on responsibility for action in the political order. Surely one of the reasons Christians have such a difficult time coming to grips with politics is that they lack a perspective which is intellectually honest, theologically consistent, and realistic in the world.

Some Christians suggest—in a kind of sentimental, Utopian way—that if only all men were to become Christians, we would be able to resolve the many social and political problems that afflict mankind. But even if we were all Christians, there would still be Republicans and Democrats, business and labor, black and white. We still would have problems, for there still would be conflicts of geography, of interest, of viewpoint.

Dilemma of Relationships

The core of the dilemma, as I view it, is that many Christians do not understand how they can relate the law of love to the world of politics. On the one hand, they see Christian love, *agape*, represented by Christ on the cross—utterly self-sacrificing, self-giving, other-regarding love. On the other hand, they see the calculating world of politics, where “accommodation,” “negotiation,” and “compromise” are the words we characteristically use to describe what happens, for example, in a Congress composed of 435 representatives and 100 senators, working with or against one President—not to mention the other participants in the governmental process. Yet these are precisely the words which we ought to use if we want to get something done.

But many Christians view these seemingly irreconcilable realms of religion and politics—of the selfless Christ on the cross and the horse-trading congressman—and conclude that there can be no link, that the two worlds can have nothing to do with each other.

Let me put the same point—that never the twain of politics and religion can meet—another way in the words of Arthur E. Walmsley, an executive of the Protestant Episcopal Church whose field is Christian citizenship. Writing in *The Church in a Society of Abundance*,¹ he says:

“... in the new era, decision-making takes place increasingly within the context of ever larger structures: the modern corporation, the automated industry, the welfare state—group settings in which decision-making by teams or task forces reduces individual accountability to a minimum.

“How,” he asks, “is power to be exercised responsibly in this setting? Traditional approaches of personal accountability, as expressed in the Protestant ethic, fail to come to grips with the nature of structure and context of the new era. . . . The humanization of the social order does not reduce itself, in situations such as this, to the categories of Christian love.”

Christians, sensing the extraordinary complexity of

the modern age, notes Walmsley, look with nostalgia to a simpler era when men made most of their important decisions face to face, and felt a sense of personal choice and personal accountability.

But we live in a different time, in a more vast and complicated society, where men's lives are determined in large measure by powers and principalities—corporations, government, unions—rather than by their next door neighbors or the family who lives down the road a piece.

What, then, has the law of love—of utterly unself-regarding love—to say to such a world, to a President, or a congressman?

Does it say to withdraw? Does it say we must reject making decisions about the use of power in such a world? My answer is “No.” My answer is that there is a link between the law of love and the practice of politics, a concept which relates the two. That concept is *justice*.

The concept of justice varies in human history, but I suggest that at the very least justice means guaranteeing to every man his due, assuring that he gets what is coming to him—what he is entitled to as a man.

Justice Is Not Love

Now justice is not the same as love. Love does not count or reckon—but justice does. Justice must be calculating. It is not love, therefore, but justice that should be the immediate objective of political action.

As Walmsley says, “The balance of the rights and responsibilities of one group against those of another involves issues of justice.” This “balance of rights and responsibilities” of competing groups, of course, is the very stuff of politics. Justice, then, is not a hand-me-down kind of concept.

“Justice seen in this light,” Walmsley declares, “is not a crude approximation of love but the *means* by which the Christian co-operates with the will of God precisely in the midst of life.”

As theologian Reinhold Niebuhr puts it, “justice is the instrument of love.”

And as the late William Temple said: “Associations cannot love one another; a trade union cannot love an employers' federation, nor can one national state love another. The members of one may love the members of the other so far as opportunities of intercourse allow. That will help in negotiations; but it will not solve the problem of the relationships between the two groups. Consequently, the relevance of Christianity in these spheres is quite different from what many Christians suppose it to be. Christian charity manifests itself in the temporal order as a supernatural discernment of, and adhesion to, justice in relation to the equilibrium of power.”²

Look at the greatest issue of our time here at home, civil rights, and listen to Martin Luther King:

“I'm not asking for a law to make the white man love me, just a law to restrain him from lynching me!”

Listen to the language of legislation: parity for farmers, equitable tax laws, fair labor standards—and we hear echoes of the concept of justice.

¹ Quotes from *The Church in a Society of Abundance* by Arthur E. Walmsley (Scabury Press, \$3.95) used by permission of publisher.—EDITORS

² From *What Christians Stand For in the Secular World*, as published in *Student*, 1944.—EDITORS



Congressman Brademas, 38, is widely regarded as one of the outstanding young lawmakers now in Washington. An honor graduate of Harvard University and a former Rhodes Scholar, he has represented Indiana's Third District since 1959. He is a member of the First Methodist Church of South Bend, Ind.

Is love then irrelevant to political action? No. On the contrary, it is our love for our fellowman—commanded us by Christ—that generates in us a concern that our fellowman be treated justly. Love is the force that motivates our commitment to justice.

So we now have in the concept of justice, I believe, a link that binds together the worlds of Christian faith and political action—and does so in an intellectually honest, theologically consistent and realistic way.

Men Are Sinners

Let me turn to yet another reason beyond the love commandment which imposes on us as Christians a religious responsibility to strive for justice among men.

It is that men are sinners—that men, *you* and *I*, tend to put ourselves rather than God at the center of life.

This is, of course, simply another way of stating the doctrine of original sin. It is this doctrine, rather than the idea that man is naturally good, that is the unarticulated view of human nature on which most politicians—at least the successful ones—proceed.

This is not, I must emphasize, a cynical view, not one that declares men are evil through and through.

You may recall Machiavelli's comment: "Whoever organizes a state and arranges laws for the government of it must presuppose that all men are wicked and that they will not fail to show their natural depravity whenever they have a clear opportunity, though possibly it may be concealed for a while."

Not so, for to paraphrase Niebuhr: Men are good enough to make democracy work. Men are bad enough to make democracy necessary.

It is in part this more skeptical but uncynical view of human nature that caused the Founding Fathers to write into the fabric of our American Constitution a system of checks and balances. We do elect members of Congress and entrust them with certain powers, but for only two years. And even senators of the United States are required to have their credentials reviewed every six years. The President has the veto power, but he can be overridden. Men are good enough to make democracy work but bad enough to make democracy—with all its checks and limitations on the rulers—necessary.

It is this propensity of men to injustice—to unwarranted self-seeking—that is a chief purpose of political action to curb and channel while at the same time promoting a wider degree of justice, a fair share for all men.

I do not say that all political questions can be resolved readily into simple issues of justice or injustice, for many problems facing government are primarily technical in nature, requiring expertise and know-how.

Nor do I say that all political issues have two equal sides although sometimes, as with civil rights, there is clearly greater weight on one side than the other.

The Politician's Task

In my view, it is the task of the politician to seek in the given circumstances—with all the skill and imagination he can muster—the greatest measure of justice for all concerned.

I believe Christians have a particular obligation to seek justice for the disinherited. As Dean John C. Bennett of Union Theological Seminary has said, "Christ himself concentrated on the people of greatest need, the people whom respectable society neglected or despised." It is this aggressive caring for the people who cannot defend themselves which is essential when the Christian makes political judgments. It is, I suggest, at least one of the major motivations behind the present war on poverty.

The disinherited are now being heard both at home (witness the Negro revolt) and in the developing nations of the world. Paternalism will not do as an answer to this cry.

I have said that all men's lives are today immensely influenced by what governments do, and that Christians have a religious responsibility, motivated by love, to seek justice for their fellowmen. I conclude, therefore, that if the church of Christ is to say anything to men today, it must speak to them not only in their individual and family capacities but also to the social,

economic, and political dimensions of their existence.

Niebuhr tells the story of how, at the beginning of this century, the late Bishop Charles Williams of Michigan was approached by a young clergyman with a plan for organizing a Christian layman's league. Learning that the league's chief objective was to close all movie houses on Sunday, the bishop said, "I should think that could wait until you have solved the weightier matters of the law."

Niebuhr warns that: "The church, as does every other institution, sinks into triviality when it fails to deal with the weightier matters of the law, particularly the law of love or the basic concern of the self for the neighbor."

If the Christian church today fails to touch on the "weightier matters of the law"—on the outrageous treatment of Negroes in both North and South, on the paradox of poverty in the richest nation in human history, on the slums still festering in our great cities, on the problems of devising a tolerable peace in a nuclear world—then on what matters will it touch?

If the church has nothing to say on these great issues, it has little of significance to say about anything, because these are the crucial issues of our time.

Church Voices Are Heard

Fortunately, voices are being heard within the church of Christ which speak out fearlessly and eloquently to urge the church and Christians as individuals to touch on the "weightier matters of the law."

We hear one such voice in Dr. King who, more than any other American of our time, has moved our country toward realization of the conviction which we vaunt in words: that all men are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights.

Indeed, I would single out two contemporary developments as the most influential forces shaping the present reawakening of social and political concern on the part of the Christian churches of America.

The first, without question, is the civil-rights movement. The Christian churches were a long time awakening to the sin of segregation, but they were stabbed awake by the Negro revolution. Most members of Congress in 1964 knew full well that the church leaders brought genuine religious commitment—and, I may say, some political muscle—to the battle for civil-rights legislation. For the first time in a long time, we heard from the church on a major national issue—and it made a difference.

The other event that shook the world—Christian and non-Christian, Catholic and non-Catholic—was the papacy of John XXIII. Pope John gave new meaning and fresh urgency to the Christian's responsibility for the social and political order. Read his encyclicals on poverty, on race relations, on peace in the modern world, and you will find a spirit speaking with relevance and power to the "weightier matters of the law."

The Christian in Politics

Although I do not advocate Christian political parties and although I find the phrase "Christian politician" suspect as both self-serving and inaccurate,

it must be obvious that I believe Christians should get into politics.

For Christians, subject to the limitations of all men, can nonetheless be inspired by the law of love to enter the struggle for justice and be ready, even eager, to use political action as a legitimate weapon (but not the only one) in that struggle. The point is that politics, seen from a Christian perspective, can be a Christian vocation just as much as being a minister or missionary.

May I be bold enough to offer some guidelines to Christians in politics:

- 1. *It is not sufficient to be a good Christian to be effective in politics.* You must also be a good politician—that is, know your job.

- 2. *You must have or develop a thick skin.* The other day I chanced upon a sermon preached on an election day in Hartford, Conn., by one Nathan Strong. Mr. Strong's admonition to politicians nearly 175 years ago is, I think, worth repeating today:

"A ruler needs religion much more than his unofficered brethren, to support his mind under trials, and to guard him against temptations. When the respectable citizen rises from private into public life, he must expect to exchange quietness for trouble; honor, though alluring, has its bitterness and its dangers; enemies, before unknown, will rise up; the jealous will sift all his actions, and what man can be so guarded as to have his behavior escape censure? The ambitious, thinking him in the way of their own progress, will be his enemies. To support the mind under these evils, and lead it into the exercise of prudence and patience, religion is necessary."

- 3. *All policies, societies, governments, and all politicians are under God's judgment.* None must be absolutized or deified as incarnating God's will—for none is righteous—no, not one. The Christian in politics will, therefore, always live under tension, always aware that he measures political achievements by standards that require ever greater effort. He can never be satisfied.

- 4. *The Christian in politics must be outgoing and must actively seek justice and combat injustice.* I should add, however, that there is no mandate on him to ride at full armor into every battle that comes along. If he does, he will soon deplete his forces and diminish his effectiveness. He must make realistic judgments on when and where to move.

- 5. *The Christian in politics is armed with a unique understanding of human nature.* He realizes that man is made in the image of God, yet prideful; he is aware of the role of self-interest in politics, of his own as well as that of others. He knows that, as an active participant in politics, he often will find himself in morally ambiguous situations. But as Dean Bennett said, "Instead of being unnerved by guilt or despair in their midst, Christians do know the experience of receiving grace and forgiveness while they take responsibility."³

It is this forgiving love of God which above all will sustain the Christian in politics as well as in every other work of life. □

³ Quote from *When Christians Make Political Decisions* by John C. Bennett, a Reflection Book (Association Press, 50¢).—EDITORS



While digging in the earth, pouring concrete, and nailing down siding, volunteer builders of the new church (lower left) found new skills in carpentry, painting, finishing, block-laying, and scaffold-climbing!

In Hawaii:

Laymen's Hands Build a Church

WANT TO BUILD a \$100,000 church for, say, around \$50,000? It can be done, but you'll need a couple of years and a lot of planning and free help. Or so Methodists in Kahuku, a Hawaiian sugar plantation community, have learned. Their build-it-yourself program was started for "the simple fact that we did not have enough money to contract for the job," says the Rev. Jack Smith, pastor. Before long, he adds, "We had help from Catholics, Buddhists, Mormons—and, I dare say, atheists." Some of the most faithful workers were young Marines stationed in Kaneohe, Hawaii. The result—a beautiful A-frame church with a long, sloping roof and redwood exterior—was dedicated in May, 1965. It is the only Protestant church within a 35-mile area with a full program, and—despite the uncertainties and sacrifice involved—is itself a monument to what the pastor describes as "a real sense of Christian fellowship and community unity."

—H. B. TEETER





OPEN PULPIT / Drawn from sermons by Methodist ministers

The Perfect Man

By JAMES ARMSTRONG

Pastor, Broadway Methodist Church
Indianapolis, Indiana

AFTER conferring with Air Force medical scientists, a science-fiction writer described a hypothetical "perfect man" for the space age. This perfect man, he concluded, would have two hearts. His bones and muscles would be 10 times stronger than normal. He would have infrared and ultraviolet vision. His resistance to heat and cold would be much greater than ours. And he would have a tail to maneuver in zero gravity. Of course this man, ideal though he might be for space conquest, exists only on paper.

The French biophysicist Pierre Lecomte du Nouy once said, "The perfect man is not a myth; he has existed in the person of Jesus Christ." And centuries before the dawning of the scientific age, the writer of the New Testament Letter to the Ephesian church referred to the Son of God as "a perfect man."

We of the Christian faith believe that God revealed himself uniquely through the life of one person, Jesus of Nazareth. We must never think, however, that, prior to the birth of our Lord, God was a disinterested bystander unmoved by the needs of his children. God did not take a sudden interest in the human race when a star shone over Bethlehem. Rather, he began to spell out his Word long before.

The first letters were formed as primitive men began to relate intelligence to the world around them. Men of the soil and shepherds sat about olden campfires and discussed the mysteries of life. They saw flickering stars and rapid streams; they saw clouds drift and lightning flash. They saw trees bend and break under the pressure of the winds. They heard thunder roar. The forces of nature seemed strange and wondrous. Our first fathers called these unknown forces "the gods."

God continued to reveal himself. He came to man in ideals, values, and dreams. He spoke through the lips of Hammurabi and Moses, through those of Ikh-

naton, Confucius, and Gautama Buddha. He spoke through the art of the Indians, the philosophy of the Greeks, and the culture of the Chinese.

God spoke dramatically through the history of the Hebrew people. He was no longer seen as the god of the skies or the god of the mountaintop, no longer a tribal or national god. He was seen as the Creator and Preserver, Judge and Lord of all men.

And God continued to spell out his Word.

George Bernard Shaw wrote a thin little book in 1933 called *The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God*. The African girl's imagination had been stirred by a missionary, and she began to look for God. Armed only with a knobkerrie, she struck out through the jungle thicket. As she plunged through, she came upon gods breathing fire, gods torturing their subjects, gods of whimsy and caprice. But these did not satisfy her, and she drove them away with her club. On and on she searched. She did not discover the God she was looking for until, quite by chance, she came upon a tradesman's shop. There, in the presence of a carpenter, she found the Divine.

This is the experience of the human family. For centuries man sought God, only to discover that all the while God had been seeking man. God spelled out his Word, letter by letter, syllable by syllable. At last the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us—as a carpenter in Nazareth.

In the Spotlight of History

For thousands of years, man had been growing, had been preparing. The stage was set, the curtains were drawn, and then this Man, born the child of a country maid, entered humanity's bloodstream. For three brief years, the spotlight of history played upon his public career. Then he was slain as a common criminal.

How can such a life, with its lasting influence, be explained? We can reduce Jesus to the stature of an anemic sentimentalist. We can reduce him to the stature of a raging social prophet. We can reduce him to the stature of a haggard martyr. But we cannot explain him.

Socrates, the Greek, was one of the most *complete* human beings the world has known. Philosopher, sol-

dier, athlete, teacher, martyr—this man approached the fulfillment of human possibilities. He once concluded an argument with a shrug of his shoulders and said, "I dare say you are right, my friend."

Jesus never affected such humility. He did not say, "You may be right," or "That may be true." He did say, "*I am . . . the truth.*" Coming from one so young, wearing the garb of a peasant, that could have been a nauseating display of neurotic arrogance. Not so with Jesus. He was neither officious nor domineering. He simply knew that God was with him.

The Gospel story found in the New Testament is not an ordinary tale. It does not speak of the good works of a good man. It proclaims the mighty deeds of the Son of God. Paul summarized the theme of the Gospel when he said, "God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself." If devout, gifted, and conscientious men had not believed that, there would have been no church. But they believed it.

The man Jesus was far more compelling than all our feeble attempts to explain him. He was born in a stable. He grew to young manhood in an obscure province of the mighty Roman Empire. His hands were the calloused hands of a worker. His friends smelled of fish scales.

This man healed the sick and comforted the weary. He taught the confused and those who had lost the way. He took the bothersome child into his lap and befriended the scum of the streets.

He was love—not the shallow substitute we see all around us but self-demanding, self-sacrificing love. The Bible says that God emptied himself into Christ. It is equally true that Christ emptied himself into all those who came to him for help.

In Him We See God

It is this man, the flesh and blood man who lived as we live, who is our cornerstone of faith. In him we can see God. Down across the centuries, and even now, God and Christ are synonymous terms to hosts of believers. Jesus Christ was that close to God.

How can our paltry, man-made schemes do justice to his life? They cannot, and the poet Alfred Lord Tennyson knew it:

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

Strangely, we see the true majesty of Christ's life in his death. Our Scripture lesson suggests that he made "purification for sins." No thoughtful 20th-century Christian would suggest that Jesus' death relieves us from full moral responsibility. We have no right to expect him to do for us that which common decency demands we do for ourselves. But we cannot understand the Gospel apart from the cross of Christ.

The cross shows us the enormity of sin. It killed our Lord. It shows the infinite reaches of divine compassion. "God so loved the world that he gave his only Son." It shows the universality of forgiveness. "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." It provides a God-given pattern for life.

In contemporary jargon, we demand that a man practice what he preaches. On Calvary, the Nazarene did just that. He went to Jerusalem, *knowing* that his life would be in jeopardy. He cleansed the Temple, *knowing* that he was challenging the authority of the rulers of his nation. He refused to barter with Pilate, *knowing* that he was defying the imperial power of Caesar. He left Gethsemane, *knowing* that he was about to die. This was the price love would have to pay, and he knew that love would not fail.

There is always risk involved in sacrifice. But Jesus believed in the power of love. Through his death he taught us the purpose of life. We are here for to live for, to love and sacrifice for, our fellowman.

Reliving the Drama

William Lyon Phelps used to tell of an incident that took place in World War I. American and German troops faced each other across a narrow no-man's-land. Suddenly the air between the enemy positions was pierced with the scream of a fallen German who had been shot. He lay there whimpering and sobbing for help, entangled in barbed wire. A young American, crouching in his trench, listened to the pitiful wail as long as he could. Then, oblivious to the searing metal flame that could destroy him in a moment, he crept out into no-man's-land. Crawling on his belly, he painfully climbed over the barbed wire and bodies of the dead, toward his fallen foe.

The Americans saw what he was doing and stopped shooting. A German officer saw what was taking place and ordered a cease-fire. A weird silence settled over the battlefield. At last the young American reached the side of the wounded man and tenderly lifted him into his arms. Then he started walking with him—toward the German positions. Gently he lowered the man into the outstretched arms of his comrades.

A German officer leaped from the trench and grabbed the American by the shoulder. Finding it difficult to control his emotions, he took the Iron Cross (the German medal for bravery) from his own uniform and pinned it on the jacket of the American. With that the two men returned to their respective companies, and the insanity of war was resumed.

In a sense, the young American was reliving the centuries old drama of the cross. You see Jesus saw a fallen foe, a stricken, way-lost humanity. Refusing to abandon fallen humanity, he identified himself with it, involved himself in its suffering, and faced death in order that it might live.

There was one difference. No Iron Cross was pinned on our Lord. It was his own body that was pinned to a cruel wooden cross. He died so that others might have abundant life. No words can do him justice. He is the way, the truth, and the life.

"The perfect man is not a myth; he has existed in the person of Jesus Christ." □

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

WILL YOU enjoy the Christmas season with your family? I hope so. This should be the happiest month of the year. It is a time for family love and togetherness, as we celebrate the coming of Christ.

Almost all teen-agers have arguments with their parents. Are there occasions when you want more freedom or independence than you get? Do you sometimes feel that your folks grossly misunderstand you? Do you conclude that they do not give you credit for having good sense? If your answer to most of the questions is "yes," then you are a normal teen-ager with normal frustrations.

But your parents also may have reason to be disappointed with you. Did you ever think of that? They love you dearly. They want to help you to grow up safely. They remember your mistakes and believe their judgment is better than yours. So sometimes they feel impelled to lay down the law. Then you rebel, and they do not like it. Every family has these problems, at least occasionally.

But Christmas is a time to forget our frustrations. We sing familiar Christmas carols together, around the dining room table. We pray and read the Bible as a family. We should try to join happily together in Christian fellowship with dear ones. Merry Christmas, friends!

Q

Is this justice? I'm a girl of 17. I have a twin brother. My parents let him come and go as he pleases. He can have as many dates as he wants. He never brings his girls home to meet us. I am allowed only one date a week. I must be in before midnight. I have to bring my boyfriends to meet my parents before I can date them. I think I ought to have freedom as my brother does. Don't you?—E.Y. Put it this way: I dislike the old double standard which gives boys too much freedom and girls too little. Both you and your brother should live up to reasonable standards. However, what your parents are doing is common. Ask around. You will find that in many families the boys have a lot more lee-



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1964 by Warner Press, Inc.

"I had to give up having a secret closet of prayer. Every time I went in there, all those cashmere sweaters made me feel guilty!"

way than the girls. That is one of the reasons more boys than girls get into trouble.

Q

I'm a boy, 15. I moved here recently and have been looking for a girl friend. But I've had bad luck—the girls I like don't like me. My mother says it may be because I'm not prominent enough at school. Can you help me?—R.W. Often it is hard for newcomers to break into the cliques at school. Is there any sport at which you excel? Athletes are popular. Or could you get a part in a school play, or a job on the stage crew? Are you careful to appear neat and clean? Do you dress as nearly in style as possible? Do you ask for dates far enough in advance? All these things may help. Good luck!

Q

I am a boy, 13. My life is ruined. I was letting my hair grow long. I want to look like the Beatles. The principal told me he would expel me if I did not get a haircut. I thought my parents would back me up, but they did not. My mother took me to

a barbershop. She sat there and grinned while I was given a butch haircut. Now all the kids laugh at me. Will you show me a law that says a boy cannot have a Beatle haircut?—S.P. I believe there is no law which is that specific. However, there are many laws which authorize principals to set up reasonable standards within their schools. In your state, at least a half a dozen boys have been expelled for insisting on Beatle haircuts. One family went to court over it. A judge ruled that the principal was acting within his rights. Please try to realize that your life is not ruined. This seems terribly important just now, but within a few months it will seem insignificant. Try to grin and bear it.

Q

I am a freshman in a four-year high school. I am taking college preparatory courses and have to get good grades. I have trouble making myself do my homework. This is the first time in my life I really have had to study. Can you help me?—J.W. I believe I can. Set up a comfortable place for studying in your home. A corner of your bedroom would be adequate. Be sure the lighting, heating, and ventilation are good. Start study-

ing every evening right after dinner. Do not take time out for TV. Study each subject in the same order every night. First go over the assignment carefully to be sure you understand it. If not, phone a buddy in the same class and get him to explain it to you. Then do the work on schedule. Your folks should co-operate by seeing to it that you are not interrupted. After a few weeks, the study routine will become a habit and will be easier for you. You will find several good books on how to study specific subjects in your school library. For example, the way to study history is different from the way to memorize geometry theorems. Check the books out and read them. Then follow the suggestions in them. You also should talk with your counselor. Good luck!

Qa

My dad means well, but he embarrasses me. I'm a boy of 16. I used to enjoy going places with him. Now I want to go out with my friends. He does not understand the change. He says "his son is his hobby," and boasts that he spends all his leisure time with me. Recently a friend drove by in his car to take me to a ball game. Dad climbed in and went along. You can imagine how I felt. He always reads the Teens Together page. Will you explain to him that boys of 16 should be able to go places without their fathers?—B.H. You are lucky to have a dad who is interested in you. However, I can understand how you feel. Responsible boys of 16 need a large measure of independence. To that father, I say:

"Sir, please try to see how your son feels. He still loves you, but he is in a stage of life when he is bound to prefer the company of his friends most of the time. He can't be your 'hobby' any longer. I suggest you fill your spare time in other ways. Enjoy yourself doing worthwhile things with people of your own age. Give your boy your emotional support. Let him know you are still interested in him, but do not try to monopolize him any longer."

Problems with steadies, your sister or brother, parents or best friend?

Write to Dr. Barbour c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068, for his advice. He has helped many teens.—EDITORS



Bishop Nall Answers Questions About . . .



Your Faith and Your Church

What is a 'spiritual man'? He is more than a pious man, or one given to long prayers and meditation. He is not necessarily an ascetic; or one who draws away from the world, refusing to have a family, fasting, and denying himself normal human contacts in order that he may have more time for religious duties. He is not primarily a student of the Scriptures, reciting texts to bolster every position he takes or supports.

To put it positively, the spiritual man follows the example of Jesus, using fasting, Bible-reading and other holy habits, not as ends in themselves but as means of coming closer to God himself. Except for those periods of prayer when he drew away to refresh and renew himself, and to rediscover his Father's way, Jesus stayed in the thick of life, not shunning its problems but meeting them head on.

Do ushers wear boutonnieres for Communion? No, because Communion is not a festival but a sacramental meal, memorializing the Last Supper that Jesus had with his disciples. We have made it a blessed symbol of our fellowship with him and with all Christians through the centuries.

We miss most of the meaning of the Sacrament (not a badge or token but a sign of an inward experience) when we neglect its message about the common needs of everyday living.

So, no boutonnieres for ushers and no stoles for ministers. Communion should be served in the simplicity and beauty of holiness.

Was Jesus a Jewish or a Gentile Christian? Hard as it is on our prejudices, we need to recognize the fact that Jesus lived his whole life as a loyal and devout Jew. A "Son of the Torah," he kept the laws, observed the festivals, and made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem Temple. He spoke Aramaic, the common Jewish dialect of his day.

Remember what he said (Matthew 5:17): "Think not that I have come to abolish the law and the prophets; I have come not to abolish them but to fulfill them."

Increasingly, it became clear to Jesus and his followers that his Good News of God's love could not be contained in Jewish exclusiveness. The old covenant had to be supplanted by the new. And this insight, putting the wisdom of love over the requirements of law, cost him death on the cross.

Bishop T. Otto Nall has served The Methodist Church in many capacities since his ordination: pastor, teacher, journalist, editor, university trustee, author, and official of church and World Methodist Council organizations. Now episcopal leader of the Minnesota Area, he has conducted this column of questions and answers for TOGETHER readers since 1958.

King-Size Queen



"I was the complete freak:
too tall, too big,
too thin, straw-colored hair
—all accented by
dark-rimmed glasses."

Sometimes she felt little.

Sometimes, with no mirrors around,
she felt dainty and glamorous.

By ORENE ELIZABETH BURT

"ORENE, you can be the mother."

I blinked back the tears. I wanted so to be Cinderella. I would have settled for the fairy godmother.

But Orene was the mother. Orene was the witch. Orene was Mrs. Santa Claus. Orene was never the fairy princess, or Gretel, or Snow White. Orene was never a petunia, a pansy, a daisy, or a rose. Orene was a sunflower, swaying above all the other flowers in the garden—head and shoulders above.

It was bad enough being blessed with a name no one ever had heard of, without being a foot taller than anyone else in the primary grade school.

I missed being born on my father's birthday by five minutes. My father's name is Oren. He is six feet three inches tall, and weighs well over 200 pounds. I inherited his name, his bone structure, his

height, and, of course, his myopia.

In third grade, I fell while roller-skating and broke a leg. My rescuers were my mother and her den of Cub Scouts. Very sympathetic and concerned, they were, but not one of them could carry me. One resourceful Cub dashed home and came back pulling his coaster wagon. They all heaved and hoisted me into it, and unceremoniously hauled me home in the style of a slaughtered buffalo.

Everyone expected me to respond, react, and contribute according to my size, not my age.

"Show the little ones how to do it, Orene."

Often the little ones were my own age, or older.

"Orene, you should be ashamed to hit someone smaller than you." Who else could I hit?

When I was in fifth grade, I thought I was old enough to be Mary in the church Christmas pageant. I had sung in the children's choir for several years, and now I wanted an acting part. I knew just how I would play the Mary role. I was sure I had it made, because the director was my aunt, but it didn't make any difference. A dainty, soft-faced girl with big blue eyes got the part of Mary. I was cast as an angel.

"Orene, stand in back, dear—you're the tallest. And leave your glasses backstage. They spoil the effect."

They laughed when the outsized angel stumbled into position.

During recess at school, I was always among the first picked when strength or roughness was required. I was a terror at "King on the Mountain." In most team games, however, the popular girls were taken first, and I was usually the last chosen.

"Orene, you're so *clumsy*."

"Orene, don't be so *slow*."

I played with a sob in my throat, and tried not to hate recess too much.

My father is blind as a bat without his glasses, and so am I. Our trouble is nearsightedness. So I was the complete freak: too tall, too big, too thin, straw-colored hair—all accented by dark-rimmed glasses.

"It is a good thing she is smart,"

said a cousin. "She doesn't have anything else going for her."

I did, too. I could whip every one of my older brother's friends. (I probably still can, but I haven't tried lately.)

One popular song made my blood run cold. Or hot. The radios crooned, "Good night, Irene," but my brothers and schoolmates paraphrased it to "Good night, Orene. Good night, Orene—I'll see you in my dreams." The hateful tune and words were wafted across city blocks when I hove into view. I still cringe every time I hear it.

When I was 11, I was taller than my mother (and my mother is not petite). She was being installed as worthy matron of her Eastern Star chapter, and I was asked to present her a bouquet of roses. I had to wear a suitable dress. A semi-formal, they said, because I was too young for a long formal.

BUT there were no size 16 semi-formal dresses youthful in cut and style—not youthful enough for an 11-year-old—and there was no time to make one. We settled finally on a blue taffeta with a circular skirt and a rhinestone-studded bodice.

Shoes were another problem. I wore size 10. No black patents were available, except in highheeled pumps, so we bought heavy brown suede low-heeled dress shoes.

As I walked slowly down the length of the chapter room, carrying the roses, the choir sang *Love Brings a Little Gift of Roses*, and I thought my heart would burst with pride. Then I heard a woman on the sidelines murmur, "Is *that* Frances' daughter? Good heavens! Isn't it a shame she is so big?"

In junior high school, noon dances were a mandatory part of the social development program. The girls were enthusiastic about them; the boys were not, and had to be coaxed or forced by the teachers. I loved dancing, and I did a pretty good job of it—when I was lucky enough to get someone to dance with me. If the boys took a dim view of dancing with the prettiest, daintiest girls, what chance did I have?

One day, after being prodded by one of the teachers, an eighth-grade

boy actually seemed to enjoy dancing with me, and came back for more. The teacher smiled patronizingly upon the pair of us.

"How nice of you," she burred, "to dance with Orene."

"Oh, that's okay. It's sort of *fun*," He grinned. "It's just like driving a big truck."

Clothes became less of a problem in senior high school, but boys continued to be. It hurts to walk down the street with a slim little friend and listen to the boys whistle at *her*, even if the boy is someone you can't stand. It hurts to hear the other girls talk about their dates, or to plan to go to a movie with a girl on a Saturday evening, and have her cancel out because a boy called.

The hurt became familiar, but no less poignant.

Since I had been forced so often into situations where I had to be aggressive and domineering, I developed a capacity for organizing projects and bossing the job. I had finally reached an age and a maturity where I *could* do what I looked as though I were capable of doing. Teachers and parents were lavish in their praise.

"We won't let them go unless Orene goes too. She'll make them behave. They'll be safe with Orene there."

Often "they" whom I was to watch were my own age! I wished just once someone would suspect me of being a flirt or being silly, or would like me because I was cute.

One remark I cherished with alternate ecstasy and despair. A very short boy came up to me, tipped back his head, which was about even with my bosom, and solemnly stated:

"You're so pretty. But you're too darn tall."

I dressed becomingly and learned how to apply makeup subtly. When my father observed me primping in front of a mirror, he chuckled fondly and cracked, "You can't get a rose off a thistle bush." That remark curdled me.

All through the late teen years I have acted as a one-woman lonely hearts club and date bureau, patching up broken romances and arranging dates for the bashful and the meek. I have fixed up every-

body romantically except myself.

One evening I was invited to go to a house party. It was a good party, and I wanted the boy to like me enough to ask me for a date on his own. He was no Romeo, but he was A Date, male variety. I tried to follow all the rules.

I had been dancing with another boy, and when the record played out we happened to stop at a doorway directly in line with a bedroom mirror. Reflected in the raw light was *my* date, thoroughly kissing another girl! She was the dolltype, with tiny wrists hung with bangly bracelets, and slim ankles above high heels, and big blue eyes with long lashes which she used effectively.

When I got home, I looked at myself in the bright light of the bathroom mirror—a long objective look; and I didn't look so bad—to me. My eyes were just as blue as *hers*, and although my lashes were blond, they were *there*. But with glasses on, no one notices. There is nothing the matter with my face—it's nice, with a dimple. I am not repulsive. My hair is fine, but I can do things with it. Everything I can do anything about, I have done.

Popeye's philosophy floated to mind: "I yam what I yam—and that's all I yam—I'm . . ." Orene, the misfit. I am bigger than all my girl friends, and I am as tall as, or taller than, most of the boys I know. But my body is well proportioned. I have big hands and big feet. I definitely am not sexy looking.

But at least, now I have lots of friends who are boys. If I tried to act coy or flirt, they would run. None of them would ever kiss me

behind the door in the bedroom. (If one of them tried, I might slug him.) Further on the credit side, I am clean and neat, and have a good sense of humor.

Crying about it, I decided, would not shrink me nor give me sex appeal.

I shrugged and went to bed. Nuts to them all! For the umpteenth time I wished I had a king-size bed—42 square feet to stretch out in—ah, that would be great. I humped into my usual S curve, and went to sleep.

The next party I went to, I was a huge success socially, if not romantically. They say all good parties end up in the kitchen. This one did, and I was the star attraction. One by one the boys came out—to Indian-wrestle with me! I am not quite sure how I got involved in that stunt, but I will be careful never to fall into a trap like that again. It is bad enough to look unfeminine. I didn't have to act that way. Besides, my arm and wrist were sore for days.

Sometimes I feel little. Sometimes, when there aren't any mirrors around, I feel small and dainty and glamorous. Then the illusion is shattered by my mother asking me to get a can of peas from the top shelf, or to change a light bulb in the ceiling fixture, both of which I can do without standing on a chair.

I like pink, soft, ruffy things, especially negligees and housecoats, but when I wear them I look like Martha Washington. I stick to classic styles and the smart rather than extreme effects. Just when I feel I have accomplished success with my appearance, my father slaps me affectionately on the back-

side, speculating, "Two axhandles wide."

I know I won't ever be any different, even if I get contact lenses. I will always be lacking in that elusive Lorelei quality that emanates from most girls when boys are around. I can't say it doesn't hurt. It hurts a lot, but I am not going to let it spoil my life.

I do not lash out at my family, or let myself be unhappy about my fate, anymore. I probably break all the rules for making friends and influencing people. Because it has never been necessary for me to fish for compliments and woo romance (it is no use fighting for a lost cause), I do not go for the pretty speeches. I blister people's egos, because I abhor conceit in either sex. I recognize my own shortcomings so brutally that I expect others to do the same. I go through life bossing, nursing, cajoling, soothing, patching up, helping, leading, and organizing—Orene being the big sister, Orene being the mother.

I am secure in the knowledge that my mother is on my side and will back me up in anything I try to do. She borrows from her grocery money to buy me things when my allowance is exhausted. I think my father is pleased that I am so definitely his daughter, and he is in no immediate danger of losing me. I know he, too, will stand behind me always. I have never had to search for love outside my family—we are loaded with it. But I would settle for an occasional date.

I make the most of my best physical points. I can develop my talents, and participate wholeheartedly in the various facets of the dramatic arts which mean so much to me. I can be a warm, efficient woman without being little and glamorous; I can be a good friend without being a sexpot. And I can hope.

Maybe someday they will put on a play in which the lead is an Amazon queen, and I will get the part.

Maybe someday someone will come along who is bigger and more aggressive and more dominant than I am—and I can swoon over him. Only I don't know how to swoon. □

COLOR SCHEME

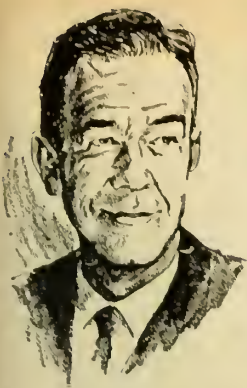
The zebra's skin is black and white,
A very integrated sight,
Avoiding an unpleasant fuss
If zebras were to ride a bus.

Eliminating certain rules,
If zebras had to go to schools.
And causing very few to note
When zebras registered to vote.



While most refinements zebras lack,
Their skin is neither white nor black.

Leonard S. Bernstein



Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

ONE OF the things that happens to us if we are not very careful is that we get stereotyped images of one another which are usually false. These pictures have come to us from our childhood or from some popular but inaccurate interpretation. We see not human beings but caricatures. The preacher is as guilty of this as anybody else, and when someone strips away a false image and reveals a person, we should be grateful.

I think this is what is happening in Protestant-Catholic relations today. The Vatican Council has revealed a church that is not monolithic but full of debate and difference of opinion. We read the arguments that go on in Rome and see they are little different from those we hear at a Methodist General Conference. Some time ago Edwin O'Connor wrote *The Edge of Sadness* and told about a Catholic priest and his relationship to the community and his congregation. I read it with wonderment because this man could have been a Methodist preacher as far as the main issues were concerned.

I have had this same experience as I read *THE RABBI* by Noah Gordon (McGraw-Hill, \$5.95). It has often-times been easier for Protestants and Jews to work together on community and religious affairs than it has been for Protestants and Catholics. The rabbi has seemed to many of us a scholarly man removed from much of the congregational difficulties which beset his Protestant colleague. According to this book, however, it is not true. As I read about this man, I decided he could easily have been a Protestant minister, both in training and experience. It is always good news when we find there is much more to hold us together than there is to keep us apart. I am grateful for this book.

The Rabbi is about a Jewish boy and his family. He was not a particularly religious boy. Then when he finally made his decision, it was a surprise to some of his friends and a great satisfaction to his parents. The grandfather, who was taken to an old peoples' home, is one of the influences

which pushed the boy toward the rabbinate.

Perhaps the greatest parallel between the rabbi and the Protestant minister is in the congregations he served. He had troubles with prejudice in a Southern synagogue and spoke too abruptly. He had a comfortable place to serve in San Francisco, but finally decided he could not stand the worldly indifference of parishioners who would pay him a good salary and give him the comforts of life if he would just let them alone. Finally, we discover him in New England, thrilled with the building of a new temple and doing the day-by-day pastoral work which every minister will understand.

The marriage of the rabbi is extraordinary in that he married a Christian girl who became a Jew. She was not only a Gentile but the daughter of a Protestant minister. There are two children, and family life is happy and well adjusted except when someone raises an eyebrow over the rabbi's having a Christian wife who was converted. In her own life, however, there is a great burden to bear as she remembers the disappointment of her father and the haunting sense of having broken his heart. She has to have psychiatric help, and there is a period when it seems touch and go as to whether she will recover.

I think it will be a good thing for Methodists to read *The Rabbi*. Methodist preachers will know that those who lead worship services on Friday evenings instead of Sunday mornings are certainly our brothers in the main obligations of their calling. We shall learn how rabbis are called and what they do when they are out of work. People who come together in the name of their religion to form congregations and employ men to direct and help them in their religious life have so much in common. One of these days we will realize that being a Protestant minister or a Catholic priest or a Jewish rabbi puts us in a profession where each can learn from the others, and where all of us need each other's encouragement and prayers. This is

the kind of ecumenical tract I enjoy reading.

The next book I wish to speak about is *THE COMMISSAR* by Grigory Vinokur (Twayne, \$5.95). I do not know whether this would be a book of such great interest if it were not written by a Russian about a Russian situation. Once again, what I have said about images is to the point here. We have thought of Russian people as somehow entirely different. Well, it is not necessarily so. Here are people who could be living in a town in the Midwest or anywhere else in the United States.

Bureaucracies are about the same whether under communism or some other political system. They become corrupt and insensitive to reality. This book is the story of this corruption and reveals that while Russian writers are not always able to speak up, they are aware of what is going on and are far from satisfied. So the manuscript had to be smuggled out of Russia.

Mikhail Kruger is a commissar, a writer, and a Jew. The anti-Semitism of which we have heard much in recent days is seen as a part of the official policy of the authorities. Suspicion and distrust run everywhere and into every part of Russian life, including the army. Although it is a novel, it is obviously autobiographical and has the ring of verisimilitude. At the end, Kruger understands that it is impossible to live under such conditions and plans to escape.

Political and economic systems may come and go, but the nature of man forever demands freedom and dignity. This is good news in our world, especially when the far right and the far left in America attempt to substitute their authoritarianism for our tradition of liberty.

In conclusion, let me say a brief word about the movie *SHENANDOAH*, a Universal Production starring James Stewart. It is about a Southern family who will not participate in the war and about the tragedy which came into their lives during the last futile days of the struggle. It is a great testimony to the uselessness of the whole business. There are some fine moments in it. I could wish that they had not made the closing part quite so emotional, but then, you cannot have everything. This is one of the better movies with an excellent cast, nearly all of it done in good taste and with a word that men need to hear.

And so having taken a look at a rabbi, a commissar, and a rebel, I bid you adieu. □

Looks at NEW Books

OF ALL the color pictorials that have appeared in *TOGETHER*, my favorite is the story of the Nativity told in paintings. It was in our December, 1963, issue [page 35], and what made it unique was that the paintings were not the work of old masters, nor even of famous contemporary artists. They were the response of children all over the world to an invitation by the World Council of Christian Education. The depth of perception and swiftness of imagination they revealed caught at my heart and widened my eyes.

Those paintings, with others on the Nativity theme, appeared in a book, *Away in a Manger*, and it received high honors. Now a second collection of paintings from the World Council's children's art project has come off the press. *In the Beginning: Paintings of the Creation by Boys and Girls Around the World* (Nelson, \$3.50) interprets the text from Genesis, and I found it just as exciting as the children's views of the Nativity. Says Vivian Russell, who directed the children's art project:

"Perhaps the child's perceptions do not carry the extensive experience that only living can bring, but his very simplicity has a directness and candor which can rejuvenate us."

The Danish philosopher and writer Søren Kierkegaard did not call himself a Christian. Indeed, he said perhaps only Christ and the apostles lived their faith in terms of authentic existence. But above all he was passionately concerned with the question of what it means to become a Christian, and he came to the belief that

the basic prerequisite was the willingness to be a single person, unique and apart from the mass.

Basically, he had no quarrel with Christian doctrine, which he said was "on the whole, right." What he contended for was that something should be done about it, and in his insistence he challenged not only the whole of Protestantism as he knew it but the established form of society as well.

He was undoubtedly one of the most influential writers of the last 150 years, and his influence on the theology, philosophy, and literature of this century has been profound. It is impossible to approach an understanding of existentialism without studying him, and no better start for that study could be found than in *The Last Years* (Harper & Row, \$6.95). In these excerpts from journals Kierkegaard kept between 1853 and 1855, he opens the door of his intimate thinking on a wide variety of subjects ranging from celibacy to free thought, from the nature of women to the power of the press. His style, superbly translated by Scottish divinity professor Ronald Gregor Smith, is by turns eloquent, anguished, pithy, and wryly humorous. A sample: "The truth is a snare: you cannot have it without being caught." Another: "Everything is so easy to understand . . . in the animal world because the animal has the advantage over man that it cannot talk. The only thing that talks in that existence is its life, its actions . . . Make man dumb, and you will see that human existence is not so difficult to explain."

Books on the civil rights struggle are piling up, and there are some excellent ones. Some are on-the-spot

reports; others try to dig back into history to find out how our society got so off-center, and why we have become the kind of people we are.

One of the best is *The Past That Would Not Die* (Harper & Row, \$4.95). Walter Lord is a master at putting you in a front row seat during crises of history. In this book, he does not stop by recreating the tension and hatred that boiled into open battle during the federal government's determined campaign to get James H. Meredith registered at the University of Mississippi. He goes back to Reconstruction days to find out why there was such violent resistance to letting a Negro enter the state university.

In contrast, *Mississippi From Within* (Arco, \$4.50, hardcover; \$1.95, paper) is a blunt study in bigotry that Shirley Tucker has put together entirely from news stories, editorials, columns, headlines, and advertisements that have appeared in the state's own daily newspapers.

Erskine Caldwell takes us on a sensitive journey *In Search of Bisco* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$4.95). The novelist traveled the whole of the Deep South trying to find out what had happened to a small Negro boy who had been his favorite childhood playmate. Conversations along the way revealed a broad sweep of Southern thinking, both white and Negro.

Elizabeth Sutherland has gathered reports from young civil rights volunteers into a kaleidoscopic on-the-spot record of the summer of 1964 in *Letters From Mississippi* (McGraw-Hill, \$4.95); and civil rights volunteer Sally Belfrage brings the focus clearer in *Freedom Summer* (Viking,



"And God planted a garden in Eden, in the east; and there he put the man whom he had formed." This colorful painting from *In the Beginning* was the work of a talented 12-year-old Dutch boy, Cor de Nys.

\$5), the story of her own experience. In *Act of Conscience* (Beacon Press, \$4.95) lawyer Len Holt tells the story of a nightmare—the summer of protest in Danville, Va., that brought broken heads, split faces, jail terms, legal battles—and few concrete gains to the Negro community.

In *God Wills Us Free* (Hill and Wang, \$5), Robert McNeill writes of his personal ordeal as a minister in the South. He happens to be Presbyterian, but his story is, as Ralph McGill says in the introduction to this moving, lucid book, in a way the story of everyone's life pilgrimage.

Robert W. Spike, director of the National Council of Churches Commission on Religion and Race, takes up what Christians can do about civil rights and why they must do it in *The Freedom Revolution and the Churches* (Association Press, \$2.95). It was his commission that cosponsored the March on Washington, trained student volunteers for the voter registration drive in Mississippi, and cosponsored the call that brought clergymen of all faiths to Selma and Birmingham. Dr. Spike points particularly to the political implications of church action.






"Having abused and discriminated against Negro populations for a long time, certain political machines," he warns, "may want to exploit these people further by seeming to speak for them," and he foresees a danger that an embittered radical left might develop to feed off a ruthless and corrupt political majority by attacking it without being able to do anything constructive. "The churches," Dr. Spike says, "must not 'cop' out of the struggle now."

Not very many reporters would be willing to see pieces they had written decades ago appearing unrevised today. But John Gunther has been right so much of the time that when history does turn up an error of evaluation he can say matter-of-factly: "If I was wrong I was wrong."

Procession (Harper & Row, \$6.95) is a fascinating collection of Gunther's personality pieces about the kings, presidents, dictators, military leaders, prime ministers, prophets, and revolutionaries who have dominated the history of our era. With the follow-up comments in which Gunther brings the record up to date, they hold many clues as to why history has taken the course it has.

Kenneth Scott Latourette, whose history of the Chinese people has been the standard work in the field since it was first published in 1934, believes that the outstanding characteristic of China today is the clash of two cultures, with the partial and

What kinds of people buy Methodist mission annuities?

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	<i>An Air Force officer working with dangerous equipment who wants to protect his family and at the same time, express his gratitude to God</i>
	<i>A circus performer who thanks God for protection in his hazardous work by buying an annuity at the end of each season on the road</i>
	<i>A successful career woman who wants an unfailing income for later life, and wants her resources to serve the church after her death</i>
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progressive disintegration of the one we think of as traditionally Chinese. What will result remains uncertain, and the full outcome will not be clear for at least a generation, but Latourette does not think the world should lose faith in China.

For the current, fourth edition of *The Chinese: Their History and Culture* (Macmillan, \$12.50), he has completely rewritten the text to cover the present communist regime and China's emergence as a global power.

In contrast to this history, which looks at China through Occidental eyes, *The Ageless Chinese: A History* (Scribners, \$8.95) takes a Chinese view. Its author, Dun J. Li, now teaching history at Paterson State College, New Jersey, was born in China, and his A.B. degree came from the National Chekiang University in Hangchow.

Says Li, the commune system put in force by the present government is not new. It has been put into practice time and again in the course of Chinese history, from the fourth century on, but it has never lasted long. Of the present regime, he writes: "The dogmatic Communists, by pursuing their own grand illusion, create an irreconcilable contradiction between themselves and the Chinese people."

Of the two histories, Li's is the more readable. Latourette's gives a better view of Chinese history in relation to the rest of the world.

"It is my earnest hope and indeed the hope of all mankind that from this solemn occasion a better world shall emerge . . ." The words were General Douglas MacArthur's. The place was aboard the U.S.S. *Missouri*, flagship of the U.S. Pacific Fleet, anchored in Tokyo Bay. The occasion was the surrender of the Japanese Empire. World War II was over.

"But in our age of anxiety, it seems, there are no firm conclusions," writes Kenneth S. Davis in *Experience of War* (Doubleday, \$7.95), a hefty and informal history in which he seeks to convey the feeling, the mood, the tempo of the wartime years. In the area of great events he succeeds brilliantly, using the present tense to tell the story in such suspenseful terms that even though you know what happened next, you find yourself waiting to find out.

I wish he had also caught the intensity of Americans on the home front, their sense of mission, the feeling that man could, through determination and heroism, take his future in his own hands. I do not believe this feeling can be captured again, for World War II was the last war in which military action was viewed as a righteous thing and personal gallantry as some-

thing that might influence the course of history. With the blossoming of the mushroom cloud over Hiroshima, the age of the individual vanished and the age of anxiety arrived. Nevertheless, Davis has done a splendid job, giving us history in terms of individuals and events instead of documents.

The Salvation Army, which celebrated its centennial this year [see *Indomitable Fools for Christ*, November, page 51], owes its beginnings to an English Methodist minister who refused an appointment to a circuit because he and his wife felt the call to evangelism so strongly they preferred to go out "into the wilderness."

The "wilderness" William and Catherine Booth chose was London's steaming, vice-ridden East End, and from that time on The Salvation Army has gone into the problem areas where people have needed it most—in the slums, on the battlefronts, in disaster areas. Nor has it ever been content just to preach; it involves itself in solving human problems in direct, practical ways.

Sallie Chesham, herself a Salvation Army officer, tells the story of the Army's first 100 years in *Born to Battle* (Rand McNally, \$5.95), an absorbing, quick-paced history of a corps of dedicated men and women.

Edward Bishop confines *Blood and Fire!* (Moody Press, \$2.50) to the life of General William Booth, who remained the leading spirit of the Army until he was "promoted to glory" in 1912. It is a readable, perceptive biography, but it lacks the urgency and breadth of Mrs. Chesham's book.

"I am an angry old man, and I feel I must get the fire out of my bones

before I die," says Leslie D. Weatherhead, for many years minister of the City Temple in London. In retirement he finally has written the book that has been burning inside of him for more than 20 years.

The Christian Agnostic (Abingdon, \$4.75) is the English Methodist clergyman's spirited appeal to people who rarely have anything to do with organized churches, asking them not to let their doubts stand in the way of their becoming a part of the fellowship of Christ's followers.

"If you love Christ and are seeking to follow him, take an attitude of Christian agnosticism to intellectual problems," he pleads. "Accept those things which gradually seem to you to be true. Leave the rest in a mental box labeled, 'awaiting further light.' In the meantime, join in with us in trying to show and to spread Christ's spirit."

Dr. Weatherhead believes that many sincere agnostics are closer to true belief in God than many conventional churchgoers, and that theological demands are a barrier to honest participation in the life of the church. Christianity is a way of life, not a theological system, he says.

Always an unconventional churchman, Dr. Weatherhead expresses his own religious beliefs with such verve and in such an open-ended manner that they offer the reader an irresistible invitation to counter with his own.

Admittedly controversial, his book brings a strong gust of fresh air into dusty chapels.

Some 20 years ago an amiable, versatile nature writer undertook an ambitious project—that of following each of the four seasons across the broad and varied map of America.

Candle Lighting

By Esther Lloyd Hagg

Christmas Eve, and softly falling snow
Costumes the night, while tree-gemmed windows light
Our way to church. The sanctuary, dim
And hushed and holy—like that silent night
Of long ago—awakes with choired song.
One candle at the altar typifies
That perfect Light that bloomed in Bethlehem.
Now, ushers touch their tapers at its fire
And carry each his gospel gleam along
The aisles, kindling more candles as they go.
Candle to candle passes on its spark,
Till suddenly the church is radiant,
Pulsating with a warm and living glow,
Each face enhaloe with its candle flame.
So may Thy true light spread from heart to heart,
O Christ of Christmas—and of Calvary—
Until our earth is luminous with heaven!

Every four or five years since then, a new book has appeared, and it has been our pleasure to go along with Edwin Way Teale, by way of camera and written word, as he crossed and crisscrossed the nation. First he took us through a North American spring, then autumn, then summer—and now comes the last of the series: *Wandering Through Winter* (Dodd, Mead, \$6.50).

With the passing of Donald Culross Peattie and William Beebe, Teale remains perhaps the most competent and readable of our popular nature writers. He combines keen powers of observation with the talents of a fine photographer to portray the face of winter as it spreads across our land from northern Maine to southern California. Teale's are more than nature books, however. They are travel books and human interest documentaries, as well.

Unless your eyes have been touched by the turquoise skies of the Southwest, or you are fascinated by Indian lore, *Kaibah* (Westernlore, \$7.50) is probably not for you. But if you have been fortunate enough to spend time on the Navaho Reservation, talking with the Navaho people, eating lamb stew and fried bread with them, and watching their ceremonies, you will know how authentic this recollection of a Navaho girlhood is.

Kay Bennett, a full-blood member of the Navaho tribe, writes in story form, but the story is of her own girlhood between 1928 and 1935. In the telling, she reveals the quality of life in the hogan, the dignity of the Navaho people, and the Navaho's affinity to natural surroundings.

But there is more. She also reflects her people's feelings toward the white man with his missionaries, school-teachers, soldiers, custodians, and bureaucrats; and she even writes of the ceremonials, superstitions, witchcraft, and healing practices which members of her tribe are reluctant to share with the white man. Thus, she has created a valuable book about a people who are poor, but who have a rich heritage and live a peaceful kind of life the white man cannot understand.

A new series of art books is attempting to study man by exploring the work of artists down through history. Based on such universal themes as war and peace, love and marriage, death, the family, *Man Through His Art* will consist, eventually, of 15 volumes and is being published simultaneously in eight languages in more than a dozen countries.

We now have *Volume I: War and Peace* and *Volume II: Music* (New York Graphic Society, \$7.95 per volume). Twenty works of art repro-

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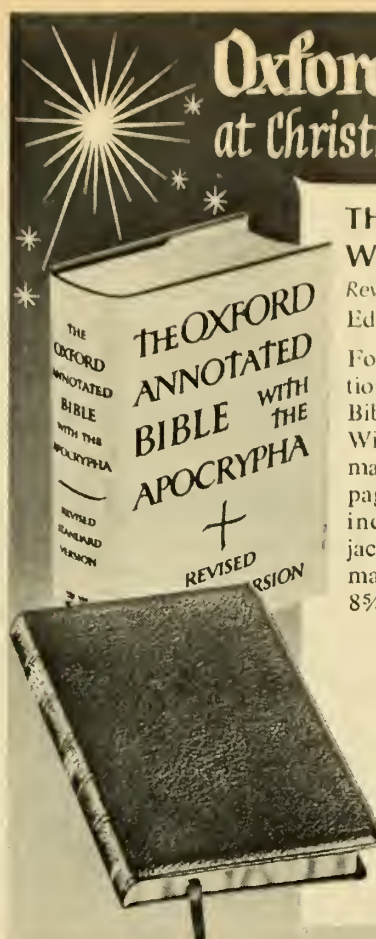
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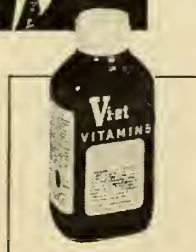


SUSANNA WESLEY
1669-1742

SUSANNA WESLEY IN FINE PORCELAIN

Dr. Frederick E. Maser, Pastor of Old St. Georges (Mother Church in Philadelphia) and an authority on Mrs. Wesley and her family says "What a wonderful, beautiful, significant bust of Susanna Wesley." We say "What a wonderful gift for any occasion." Bulletin 419M on request, giving full details on this and John Wesley; also first Methodist Bishop Francis Asbury in porcelain and cast bronze of various sizes. Cokesbury has them. Hospital, school and other gift shops can sell them.

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duced in each volume represent different facets of the central themes, and I was interested in the imagination and insight shown in their selection. In *War and Peace*, for instance, ideological conflict is expressed by two female figures from Strasbourg Cathedral, one representing the teaching of the Old Testament and the other the Christian church.

The series was conceived by Madame Anil de Silva, representative to UNESCO from Ceylon, and she is serving as coeditor with Otto von Simson. The World Confederation of Organizations of the Teaching Profession is sponsoring its publication under a founding grant from UNESCO.

Fantastic bargains are the lures that draw millions of American shoppers into the discount stores sprawling across the nation. How do these stores manage to present such money-saving values? By making larger profits on other items, says Walter Henry Nelson in *The Great Discount Delusion* (McKay, \$4.50). For every shopper who comes away with brand-name merchandise at a genuinely low price, many more bring home shoddy or overpriced wares. The discounters are in business to make money, and somewhere or other their profits are paid by the consumer.

But what worries Nelson more than the deceit practiced by some discounters is the principle of price-cutting upon which all discounting is based. He sees it as leading to a day when customers will be able to shop at quality stores on one end or discount stores on the other—but with virtually no place to go in between.

"Price-cutting leads almost inevitably to monopoly and to the ultimate exploitation of the consumer," he warns. "Thus even the most ethical and most respected discounter erodes the marketplace."

His hard-hitting book includes a chapter devoted to "A Survival Kit for the Discount Jungle."

Illustrations for *A Thousand Lights and Fireflies* (Parents' Magazine Press, \$3.50) may be too abstract for some young children, but I was delighted with John Moodie's colorful abstract art, and Alvin Tresselt's text about differences and similarities between the city and the country is superb. I do not think it is ever too early to start surrounding youngsters with good art, so I like this book.

I was disturbed by *Did You Ever?* (Parents' Magazine Press, \$2.95), from the same publisher. Doris Herold Lund asks very small fry if they ever have done a number of delightfully imaginative things, and Demnan Hampson's appealing drawings show lively youngsters doing

them. Now I know I am a worrier, but I am upset about suggesting to young children that they slide down in the bathtub and pretend they are mermaids, or scrunch down inside a box and pull down the lid, or go, apparently without adult companionship, to the top of a very tall building to see the world spread out below. There are dangers in this sort of admittedly delightful behavior, and I think the National Safety Council would be upset, too.

Asked about Charles Wesley, too many people are likely to say: "Oh yes, he was John Wesley's brother, and he wrote hymns, didn't he?" Yet throughout the early years of the Methodist movement, Charles Wesley worked right along with John and was as responsible for its catching fire as his brother was.

It has been hard for biographers to get enough material on Charles to write a full-flavored biography, however, because he was not a diarist like John; and the journal he did keep was lost by his son. By the time it was found, on the floor of a furniture warehouse, it was mutilated. Other papers were kept secret for a long time, and many may have been lost or destroyed.

Now, however, Charles Wesley gets long overdue credit in *Charles Wesley, the First Methodist* (Abingdon, \$5). This soundly based biography by Frederick C. Gill reminds us that Charles was the heart of the Methodist movement where John was its head, and that Charles was, in fact, called "Methodist" by his classmates at Oxford before the term was ever applied to anyone else.

Frederick Gill is a British Methodist minister who is recognized as an authority on Methodism and Wesleyana, and his book is due to become a standard biography of the man who was an essential force in the establishment of Methodism as well as the author of hymns that have been sung joyously for more than 200 years.

With today's novels and films reducing love to instinctual gratification, sex has lost its mystery. But instead of bringing clarification, this has brought regression, believes Robert Grimm, a Swiss pastor who is chaplain to students at the Université de Neuchâtel.

Chaplain Grimm by no means thinks Christians should mourn the passing of the "conspiracy of silence" about sex. Rather, he holds that we need a theologically oriented ethic of sex and love that has its foundation in the purpose the Creator has for man—a purpose of love made manifest in Christ.

In *Lore and Sexuality* (Associa-

tion Press, \$3.50), he seeks such an ethic, examining sexual maturity in Protestant thought with imagination and sensitivity. This slim volume, not difficult to read, holds wisdom for the married, unmarried, and about-to-be-married.

The sunset years are like marriage—"not to be entered into lightly or unadvisedly but reverently, discreetly, and in the love of God." The difference is that marriage is optional, while getting older is compulsory, observes Horace Greeley Smith in *Don't Retire From Life* (Rand McNally, \$3.95).

Dr. Smith retired from work 12 years ago when he was 72, after three pastorates, then 2 years as a district superintendent, and 21 years as president of Garrett Theological Seminary. From his own experience, he warns the new retiree of three dangerous curves ahead: uncharted freedom, the lure of another career, and the tendency to think hobbies can be a substitute for real work.

He faces frankly the inevitability of loneliness and the need to accept limitations; and he cautions that, as society does more and more for the elderly, it is more and more important for the retired person to remember his own inner resources. Otherwise all independence could be stifled. But there are positive values. Retirement, with its wider perspective, has helped Dr. Smith discover his own identity, he says, and has brought him a deeper sense of gratitude for all that life has given him.

Dr. Smith has come perilously close to a second career, however. Looking around, in the early days of his retirement, to see what he could do with all the free time he had on his hands, he settled down to a regular program of writing. And though he writes largely to please himself, numerous articles have appeared in various publications, including *TOGETHER* [August, page 29]. And he is the author of still another book, published last spring. *The World's Greatest Story* (Rand McNally, \$1.95) is concerned with the significance of the events usually told as the Christmas and Easter stories. Dr. Smith sets them in the perspective of God's plan for our world, from the first appearance of man on earth.

If yours is one of those fortunate families that reads aloud, you will want to know about *The World's Christmas* (Fortress Press, \$2.95). The stories Olive Wyon has gathered together in this little book come from many lands. Some are folktales, others are by famous authors. Some are for adults, some for children. All are good.

—BARNABAS



The Man Who Invented Sunday School

By MAX L. BATCHELDER

His kitchen classes in London's Sooty Alley taught illiterate young ragamuffins to read and write—and led to Christian education in America.

HE WAS A bold 18th-century businessman who turned his father's lackluster publishing business into a tremendously profitable enterprise.

Repeatedly, he told long-suffering friends that he was self-made and proud of it.

Vain about his appearance, he favored wearing to church a blue coat with silver-gilt buttons, cambric frills and cuffs, with snow-white stockings stretching down from nankeen britches. He used two snuffboxes—one plain and one fancy for special occasions.

Among other things, his English contemporaries referred to him as "pompous," "a buck," and—because people sometimes thought his ideas foolish—"Bobby Wild Goose."

It was this unlikely dandy who "invented" the Sunday-school movement in 1780-1783 and made it a lasting institution.

Others had had the idea sooner, but, for one reason or another, it just had not caught on. Earlier ventures invariably were dull; children found themselves memorizing long Scripture passages without knowing what they meant.

Not until Robert Raikes turned his attention to the problem did

things really begin to happen.

As a youngster, Raikes was haunted by the specter of the great, silent prison ships permanently anchored in the harbor of his native Gloucester. An early advocate of prison reform, he wrote an editorial that became one of the most famous denunciations of prison conditions of his time. He tried to rehabilitate men whose lives were already twisted toward crime, but he repeatedly was disappointed. He turned the modest *Gloucester Journal* into one of England's leading opinion-molders. Literary greats of the day knew their writing always could find a home in the columns of Raikes' newspaper.

A Kitchen Classroom

One day, Raikes later told the story, while he was roundly berating a group of 18th-century juvenile delinquents in a slum arca of Gloucester, the fiery old lady he was accompanying home from church interrupted to explain that this kind of boisterous rowdyism came about because the children were ignorant, poor, and illiterate.

"Why don't they go to school and learn?" Raikes asked.

"They can't," was her reply.

"Nonsense," said Raikes. "Many privately endowed schools offer free education. Right here in Gloucester there's St. Thomas Rich's school, besides schools at King's Cathedral and St. Mary de Crypt Church. Why don't the young heathens go to one of those?"

"Because," the lady snapped, "they work at the pin-making factories 12 hours a day for six days a week."

"When do you suggest that they go to school? Only middle-class children who don't have to work can go to your 'free' schools."

A whole new vision began to unroll in Raikes' mind. England's criminal class came almost entirely from this kind of background. Perhaps he should spend less time in unsuccessful rehabilitation efforts and more trying to prevent men from becoming criminals in the first place.

With Raikes, to decide was to act. He went immediately to Mrs. Mcredith of Sooty Alley, a housewife who taught a little school in her kitchen. Raikes proposed that she hire out to teach a group of 12 illiterate ragamuffins to read and write.

"Since they work all week," he

explained, "we'll teach them on Sunday."

"That's against the law!"

"No," Raikes hastily assured her. "Last year Parliament passed an act to permit teaching on Sundays. Use the Bible as your main textbook."

"Humph!" snorted Mrs. Meredith. "You'll never get them here on their day off from work."

But, to everyone's surprise, the youngsters leaped at the chance to learn to read and write. Raikes soon employed another teacher, and another, until there were five "kitchen classrooms" in Gloucester. They moved into regular classrooms as the number grew to 77 boys and 88 girls.

Raikes insisted that all who attended keep clean, reasonably neat, and go to church both before and after class sessions. For three years, this private teaching program boomed.

The Wesleys Approved

Then Raikes invited John Wesley to visit one of his Sunday schools. (John and his brother Charles had tried unsuccessfully to set up a Sunday school in Georgia decades before, but it had not lasted.) Raikes showed Wesley classrooms of about 20 pupils under one teacher. Classes were divided into four groups, with advanced pupils monitoring others in their lessons.

Raikes explained, "I give a little token of my regard to children who show diligence, who are quiet, behave themselves, keep themselves and their working materials in order, and show Christian consideration for others. Perhaps a pair of shoes or clothing to warm them against the cold weather. In addition, they are rewarded with Testaments, Bibles, and other things."

Wesley looked around the classroom, full of small girls with white tippets on their shoulders and white caps on their heads. He listened as Raikes described his plans. At the end, Wesley nodded, "Perhaps God may have a deeper end thereto than men are aware of." He thought a moment and added, "Who knows but what some of these schools may become nurseries for Christians?"

Encouraged by Wesley's approval, Raikes used the one weapon no other Sunday-school founder

had—a powerful newspaper with influence in every quarter of England. On November 3, 1783, he published an account of his experiment, detailing the principles and the operating plan. He urged similar Sunday schools all over England.

The movement grew as the simplicity of Raikes' Sunday school became apparent. John Wesley printed a long description of them in *The Arminian Magazine*.

Another London businessman, William Fox, called on Raikes to tell him bluntly that he had spoiled years of planning. "Your idea is so much better," Fox grumbled with a twinkle in his eye, "I'm going to drop my own plans and begin sponsoring Sunday schools as you have done. I propose to found the London Sunday School Society immediately. But think of all the time I've wasted."

The movement caught hold everywhere. By 1788, attendance at Sunday schools in England had risen to 250,000.

When Opposition Came

Then the roof seemed to cave in on the entire project.

A group of noted clergymen issued a statement declaring Sunday schools an innovation that tended to detract from the solemnity of church services and proper observance of the Lord's Day. The bishop of Rochester was said to have denounced Sunday schools and urged his clergy not to support them, but he later denied this.

The archbishop of Canterbury called a meeting of bishops to see if some sort of action should be taken. It was dangerous, other churchmen pointed out, to have laymen instructing children in religious matters.

Raikes was stunned. The whole point had been to teach children to read the Scriptures, to learn about God's word for themselves, to contact for the church a whole generation who were as pagan, in their own way, as any Fiji Islander.

Now the great British statesman William Pitt announced he would rise in Parliament to propose a law suppressing Sunday schools altogether in England!

After an astonished pause, the

movement's proponents came to Raikes' support—reformers, clergymen, writers, jurists, statesmen, philanthropists. Persons like the Wesleys, Fox, Joseph Lancaster, Hannah More, Charles of Bala, John Howard, William Wilberforce, William Cowper, John Newton; and even a few such distinguished churchmen as the bishops of Chester, Norwich, Salisbury, and Llandoff came out strongly for the Sunday-school idea.

Rowland Hill thundered in their defense, "In this great design, we drop all names but Christ, and direct the children not to be dissenters from the church, but dissenters from sin!" The earl of Salisbury blocked Pitt's proposed legislation against Sunday schools.

But Raikes was intensely distressed at the disunity his idea was causing within the church. A devout man, he began to wonder if his Sunday schools, by disrupting the church, might not be doing more harm than good, in the long run.

It was in this dark frame of mind that Raikes learned of a royal summons from Queen Charlotte, commanding him to appear before her at Windsor to answer questions about his movement.

With some trepidation, Raikes went. Queen Charlotte listened carefully as he explained his experiment. "I feel sure," Raikes pointed out, "that Sunday schools are the best institution now available to bring under control the savage, unruly elements of society and provide them with an elementary education."

At the interview's end, the queen praised the Sunday-school movement as one of the finest things that had happened in England. Not only that, she said, looking significantly about her at the nobility, she and King George III personally would come to visit one of the schools, with an eye to sponsoring some of their own!

With the stamp of royal approval, opposition melted quickly and the Sunday-school movement began to spread, even to America. In Philadelphia, a "First Day" school was formed in 1791, patterned directly after those Raikes had started in Gloucester. Other schools sprang up

in both England and America.

By now, Raikes had begun to put into operation many refinements he had planned from the first. He urged that Sunday schools be taught by volunteers rather than paid teachers. Volunteers invariably worked harder and with more enthusiasm and zeal than paid workers, he believed.

Adult classes already were springing up everywhere, too. In Scotland, where opposition originally had been strongest, the Edinburgh Gratis Sabbath School Society was formed. In Dublin, the Hibernian Sunday School Society took root and grew.

But Raikes knew there was still one vital flaw in his system: too much time was being taken up in the teaching of reading and writing. Ideally, the Gloucester publisher believed, people should be able to come just to study the Bible.

Advocate of Reform

This could never be completely realized as long as poverty-stricken children were forced to work 12-

hour days for six days a week. So Raikes set out to change the conditions of his age, although he was practical enough to know that the work could not possibly be completed within his lifetime.

Nevertheless, he began advocating child-labor laws to pull youngsters out of factories in which many labored away their tender formative years. He also advocated compulsory education at public expense for all children.

Society moves slowly, but it does move. More than half a century after Raikes' death, England finally passed the very measure Raikes had urged for so long, freeing children from the factories, sending them to free schools, so that Sunday schools finally could serve their true purpose—to teach the Scriptures to the young.

In 1811, after a short illness, Raikes died, but he had lived to see his experiment come to fruition, firmly established as a strong, meaningful adjunct to Sunday religious activities. At his funeral, several members of his original Sunday

school were present to mourn his passing.

The real growth of Sunday schools was yet to come, and the principal flowering came in the United States. As the young nation's frontiers pushed outward, Sunday schools often substituted as regular schools for youngsters who worked all week to help their families wrest a crop from the grudging soil. Such Sunday schools often preceded the building of a church itself.

Sunday-school aids soon began to appear. Raikes himself had early written a primer called *Reading Made Easy*. The first Sunday-school lessons were published in 1825 in the United States. Others appeared, and, by the time the Civil War had come and gone, so many were being published that it was necessary to establish a standard set of Sunday-school lessons.

Raikes' dozen has grown to 60 million today, and the Sunday school has fulfilled its founder's original vision many times over. □

How 'Sunday School' Has Changed!

THE WORDS "Sunday school," familiar since the days of Robert Raikes, have dropped out of American Methodist terminology in recent years because the church's educational effort now continues through the week and around the year. And instead of teaching reading and writing to children of the poor, the church school now leaves secular subjects to the public schools and concentrates on religious education for all—children, young people, and adults.

This winter, Methodist children through the elementary grades are in the second year of a challenging new curriculum that makes the teacher and the pupil partners in the search for knowledge. Using bright new materials and approaches that are as up to date as the wide range of information to-

day's child has on other subjects, it stimulates the youngster to be an active thinker, researcher, and discoverer in the area of Christian faith. Even the kindergartner shares in this discovery and begins to learn about how we express love, about the Bible, and about God's world and God's purpose for us.

Parents, too, are enlisted in this effort to help the child grow into a creative, responsible Christian, as a person, as a member of the community of faith represented by the church, and as a witness in the world.

To evolve this creative approach to religious education, 1,000 teachers in 450 church-school classrooms across the United States turned their imaginations loose on ways to make the Christian faith relevant and vital to their pupils. From their



In new materials: The bright look.

reports, educator-scholar teams prepared *Christian Studies for Methodist Children*. New junior and senior-high youth materials will be ready in the fall of 1968; and new adult curriculum material will be introduced in two phases—a basic course in 1967 and a second series in 1969.

Christian education has taken many giant strides since the time of Robert Raikes!—HELEN JOHNSON



Methodist West Park Apartments stand a half mile from downtown Dallas, in an area once a slum jungle.

Better Housing for Dallas Negroes

Backed by leadership and money from Methodism's largest church, a Negro pastor and his congregation have helped revitalize an inner-city ghetto.

THE predominantly Negro population of slum-ridden West Dallas walks in the shadows of the city's prosperity, wavering between bootstrap determination and dull despair. But changes are coming—and one prominent symbol of hope is Methodist West Park Apartments, Inc., a 172-unit, \$1.8 million model of Methodist concern.

The project began with Dr. Ira B. Loud, pastor of St. Paul Methodist Church, largest and oldest Negro Methodist congregation in Dallas. When Dr. Loud, long a civic leader, learned about 40-year Federal Housing Administration loans covering certain kinds of housing, he hesitantly approached members of his church: "We have a chance to put up some buildings that will give people better housing, but I don't know how to tell our board about it."

The response of one man convinced him to try: "If the church

This girl is a Methodist, thanks to the interest of apartment manager Charles Williams.





Dr. I. B. Loud (right), pastor of St. Paul Church, says the project could not have succeeded without friends like contractor C. L. Bowman (left) and Executive Director R. B. Bravner of Highland Park Church.

can make a contribution like that. I think it will be the finest thing we ever have done."

St. Paul Church had poured money and members into several new congregations, and it was beginning to think of a new building for itself. But the board agreed that housing for West Dallas residents was more important.

To qualify for a loan, \$35,000 was needed in initial financing, and St. Paul could not swing it alone. That was when Highland Park Methodist Church, which had helped St. Paul's work with new congregations, pitched in to assure success. Businessmen among Highland Park members were recruited for the apartment's board of directors, and the loan was guaranteed.

"If our ministry amounts to anything," says Dr. Loud, "it has been because of Highland Park."

West Park residents, many of them factory and domestic workers, pay \$18.75 a week for two-bedroom apartments and \$20.75 for three bedrooms. In many cases, it is a first chance for decent housing.

Methodist West Park Apartments mark a substantial step forward in West Dallas. Not surprisingly, the waiting list is long.

—CAROL M. DOIG

Like many in West Park, Mrs. Kenneth Kennedy and her husband both work. Preschool children are cared for in a nursery at the apartments.





"I know a beautiful present that wouldn't cost any money, and everyone can give a part of it," said Hum Along.

Together with the SMALL FRY

MISS KANE'S

Beautiful

GIFT

By RUTH SMITH BARON

"HUM Along" Lee sat in the back room of his mother's gift shop on Saturday morning humming a worried hum.

He was partly working on his homework and partly wondering where he could get the money for his share in the gift for his fourth-grade teacher, Miss Kane. She had been very sick and would not be back at school until after Christmas vacation.

Though Hum Along had entered the class only recently, he had come

to love his new teacher as much as the other children did.

Miss Kane understood how a little Chinese boy, whose family had come from Hong Kong just one year ago, and whose father had died a few months later, felt about going to a new school. A few weeks earlier, Hum Along's mother had opened the gift shop down the street and around the corner from the school.

Sometimes the children made fun of Hum Along because he was

Chinese, so he was anxious to do things the way American children did. But he did not see how he could give his part of Miss Kane's gift.

Lucinda Morris had suggested the gift. A few of the children protested, but most of them agreed after Lucinda said:

"Don't you think Miss Kane is the kindest, best teacher in the whole world? Then she deserves a wonderful present from us."

Lucinda told each child to bring

\$1 on the Monday before Christmas vacation began. That would give Lucinda and Jimmy Jeffers time to go to Gibson's department store and choose the gift. Since there were 30 children in the class, they would have \$30 for Miss Kane. Lucinda suggested that a silver-plated clock would be a fine gift. After school Friday, they would take it to their teacher, since she lived only four houses away from the playground.

"And everyone who gives his share will get to sign the gift card," said Lucinda.

Nearly all the children were excited—except Hum Along. He had no money, and would not have, either. All the money he made on odd jobs went to help his mother with the little shop.

Hum Along sighed and bent over his homework, humming *Jingle Bells* to cheer himself up. His habit of humming when he worked was why Lucinda had nicknamed him "Hum Along." His real name was Hanong Lee.

When he hummed in class, Miss Kane would interrupt in a kindly way as the class became still as a snowfall. "We do appreciate your nice voice," she would say, "but please wait, Hanong, until a better time."

Of course, all the children giggled each time. Miss Kane would wink at him and quiet the gigglers. But he

just could not work without humming. He loved all kinds of songs.

On Monday morning, the day the children were to bring their dollars for Miss Kane's gift, Hum Along did not want to go to school—ever again. But his mother sent him off, scuffing his feet.

When he got there, he learned that only Lucinda and six other children had brought their dollars.

"My mother said each of us should give his own gift, because it isn't right to leave out some people who maybe can't give a dollar," said Jimmy Jeffers. Other children said that's what their parents had told them, too.

"But what about Miss Kane's beautiful present?" wailed Lucinda. All the boys and girls were downhearted.

"I know a beautiful present that wouldn't cost any money at all," said Hum Along timidly. "And everyone can give a part of it!"

"Silly!" scoffed Lucinda. "What *nice* gift can you give that doesn't cost money?"

But the others were curious and coaxed Hum Along to explain his idea. When he finally did, everyone thought it was a wonderful gift, and they decided to start working on it right away. Even Lucinda had to admit Hum Along's idea was full of the Christmas spirit. Then she looked at him in a puzzled way.

"But you're a Buddhist!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he replied. "But the gift is not for me. Miss Kane is a Christian."

So every school day for the next week, the fourth-graders quickly ate lunch and hurried down the street and around the corner to the gift shop. There, in the back room, each child worked on his part of Miss Kane's gift.

After the last bell on Friday, they trooped up the street to Miss Kane's house. Her mother answered the door and took them to their teacher's bedside.

"Because we think you're the best teacher in the whole world," said Lucinda proudly, "we have a special Christmas present for you—from every one of us." Lucinda gave the little Chinese boy a smile. "And it was Hanong's idea."

Then the children gathered around. Hanong raised his hand. The class began singing, a little waveringly at first, *O Come, All Ye Faithful*. But they got nicely in tune for *Jingle Bells* and *Joy to the World*!

When the last words of *Silent Night* died away, the carolers began filing out, calling, "Merry Christmas, Miss Kane."

"Merry Christmas, and thank you," said Miss Kane softly. "That was the loveliest gift I ever received." □

A Child's Morning Prayer

We thank thee, Lord, for morning light,
And rest and sleep throughout the night.
We pray thee bless us all this day
And keep us safe in work and play. Amen.

—Eloise Roach



Sharing From Santa's Pack

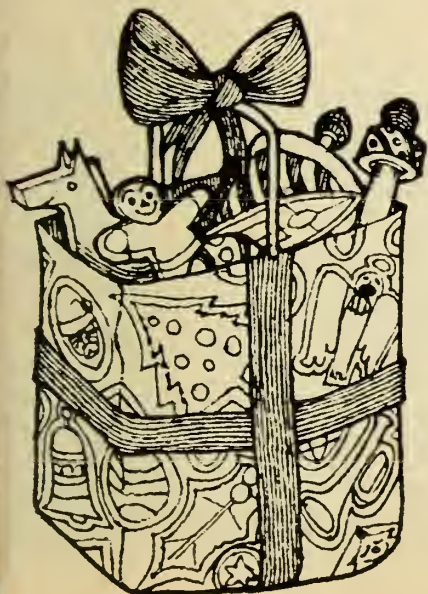
MANY different people serve us during the year—deliverymen, the paper boy, the mailman, the meter reader. We can show them we appreciate their work, and have fun, too, by sharing homemade goodies with them from a Santa's pack.

Take a sturdy shopping bag and paste all over it bright Christmas pictures cut from magazines or old Christmas cards. Tie a big, red bow on the handles. Hang or set the bag near the front door,

and keep it brimming with gaily wrapped homemade popcorn balls, candies, and cookies. Then share the contents with whoever rings the bell.

You'll probably be surprised at the variety of visitors with whom you can share goodwill, and they'll be pleasantly surprised, too. No doubt, even the neighbor's puppy will enjoy a bit of Christmas, fresh from Santa's pack.

—Marion Ullmark



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For an additional list of schools, also see the September issue of TOGETHER, pages 56 and 57; October issue, 54 and 55, and the November issue, pages 44 and 45.

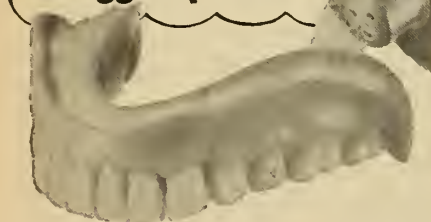
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SELECTED BITS FROM YOUR



Letters

Lay-Training Badly Needed

MRS. PAUL BURROWES, JR.
Leonia, N.J.

I was glad to read *It's Back to School for Laymen* [October, page 5]. How good to have it becoming assumed that laymen are, and should be, interested in becoming more intelligent about their faith!

I hope such training increases throughout the country and that more and more laymen will take advantage of the opportunities which arise. One can easily feel that he is the only one who is interested and concerned in this area and, therefore, a bit odd or even neurotic. Concern, as well as misery, loves company!

Let's Learn Humility

MRS. GEORGE D. CLAY
Wheeling, W.Va.

In the September news article *Overhaul of Methodist Church Structure Urged* [page 6] concerning the proposed international General Conference, Bishop James K. Mathews says, "The American constituency is almost totally unprepared for such a drastic move..."

I for one believe we should take this "drastic move" and make our General Conference truly international. We in the United States must learn humility. Surely the equal rights we seek for all people in our own country should be extended also to our fellow Methodists around the world.

A Life Term—How Long?

ERNEST K. EMURIAN, Pastor
Cherrydale Methodist Church
Arlington, Va.

Tom H. Matheny's article, *The Case Against Capital Punishment* [September, page 37], failed to mention that "life imprisonment," as it is currently practiced, means about 7½ years in California, about 15 years in Virginia. When a life-imprisonment sentence of habitual lawbreakers actually comes to mean life imprisonment, many people will feel differently about capital punishment.

When Congress recently passed a law making assassination of a President punishable by death, I did not read that a single churchman raised his voice in

objection. In the sight of God, all men are equal. If a President's assassin should be punished by death, why not other assassins as well?

'Attorneys Obstruct Justice'

MINTER I. HARPER
Tucson, Ariz.

In his article against capital punishment, attorney Tom H. Matheny states that vengeance practiced in the courts today is highly selective and that only 12 percent of those condemned to die actually are executed. But he does not give any reason for such a miscarriage of justice.

I contend that criminal lawyers are the greatest obstructionists of justice. In cases where there is no question of the defendant's guilt, the lawyers use any means to prevent conviction; and if a conviction is returned, they appeal to the higher courts to prevent or extend the date of execution.

I think every criminal should have a fair and impartial trial. But when a lawyer, for money consideration, appeals to the higher courts without sufficient grounds, he should be required to pay the extra expense the state has been put to, when the higher courts uphold the lower court's decision.

Many Are For, Not Against

O. E. BONECUTTER
Wichita, Kans.

May I assume that you will follow Tom Matheny's September article with another titled *The Case for Capital Punishment*? Many Methodists are for, not against.

Perhaps FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover would write the article. He has declared himself in favor.

Her Attitude Changed

MRS. R. L. HOFFMAN
Paulsboro, N.J.

I found the whole October issue of TOGETHER right up my alley. The article that did me the most good was *Will the Real Christian Woman Please Arise?* by Sally Ann Geis [page 25].

I was really at fault in my attitude toward the working mother, and you have helped to correct this. Not only will I reread it, but also I will share it

with the women in my church-school class. We need to make a place for the modern young woman.

For our Christmas project this year, I am going to suggest that we order a **TOGETHER** subscription for each of these women in our community (instead of giving to each other) and in this way reach out to them.

God's Challenge Bypassed

MRS. ALENE KENNEDY
Hammond, La.

Concerning Sally Ann Geis's article, *Will the Real Christian Woman Please Arise?* I find it tragic that today's women are satisfied with less than a victorious Christian life. God's word tells us to seek *first* the kingdom of God. That is a challenge which most "moderns" and "oldsters" alike fail to take up.

There are far too many people of our day who try to rationalize away the sense of guilt that anyone necessarily will have who does not give the Lord first place in his heart. Christ is the answer to all our problems.

Another Kind of Strings

MRS. E. C. CROSSMAN
Madison, Wis.

The article *Sending Your Child to College—No Strings Attached* [September, page 20] is most timely. Its chief

merit is in dealing with parental attitudes, a subject rarely mentioned in college catalogs.

The article suggests other strings which parents sometimes pull, manipulating students like puppets: the purse strings. Some parents use these strings as checkreins to manipulate the son or daughter into or out of courses and activities, and even to punish.

The hardest thing for students to cope with is unfavorable parental attitudes toward their seeking guidance from campus counselors or psychiatrists. Some 65 percent of such referrals today are student initiated as against 35 percent a decade ago. Yet, some parents are ashamed when their children seek such help. For a student to recognize his need and seek qualified help should be understood as a sign of maturity.

Tired of Hearing Renewal

KEITH D. DAVIS, Pastor
Avondale Methodist Church
Muncie, Ind.

I am not sure what James H. Laird is trying to say in *Why We Must Have Church Renewal* [September, page 14]. Personally, I am tired of hearing church renewal.

The church is doing more today than ever before. We Methodists are working in 48 countries to lift up the Lord Jesus Christ as the divine Savior of all men. This is Christian witness in action, even

Another Roadman Reunion

IRMA and EARL ROADMAN
Dike, Iowa

Since you included our Roadman clan as No. 12 in your *People Called Methodists* series [see *Roadman Family Reunion*, November, 1960, page 89], we think you will be interested to know that the family has gotten together again. The occasion for this second reunion was our 55th wedding anniversary.

Four new grandsons-in-law and our

first great-grandchild were properly initiated into the clan (complete with green, "freshman" beanies). That makes 42 of us now. Two grandsons were missing. Our son Charles's son, Chip, was on a summer oceanographic expedition sponsored by Columbia University, and daughter Joyce's boy, Rick Scott, was working in a Colorado national park.

We gathered at the same place we met when **TOGETHER** photographed us in 1960—the Quaker Heights Youth Camp on Pine Lake, near Eldora, Iowa. It was another wonderful week!



The Roadmans: Five new members were initiated into the clan.



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THE Rev. Richard E. West's staggering assignment for the American Bible Society includes all the wide West, plus Alaska and Hawaii. And his informal parish, reached by amateur radio, is even larger.

As secretary of special ministries for the Bible Society's Western and Pacific Region, Methodist pastor West reaches into prisons, retirement homes, juvenile halls, mission schools, and mental hospitals. Indians, Eskimos, and Japanese have Bibles in their own languages because of his distribution system.

"Amateur radio has been a very real factor in my work," he says. "Little did I dream, as a boy in Kansas, that my hobby would be put to such important use." In fact, it languished while he earned a degree in electrical engineering at Kansas State University and for years afterwards.

Then, a few years ago, Alaska was added to his ABS responsibility. "On visits to remote Indian and Eskimo villages, I discovered many of the missionaries were radio amateurs who depended heavily on their radios," he recalls. "I mentioned in one of my reports that I probably should renew my own amateur license."

Somehow, word got to China Lake, Calif., where churchmen at the Naval Ordnance Training Center offered to equip a station if Mr. West would work on the license. In about a year, he had retrained and passed the Federal Communications Commission test. Meanwhile, the church group had bought used equipment and shipped it to Mr. West's home near Denver. The resulting radio-based ministry has been far-reaching.

"I've talked with chaplains in far-flung military posts, and missionaries in South America," Mr. West says. On one occasion he

helped relay the happy news to a serviceman on the DEW (Distant Early Warning) line in northern Canada that his wife was recovering after being gravely ill.

More than 250,000 amateurs are licensed in the United States, and they are quick to help in emergencies. When the Good Friday earthquake devastated parts of Alaska in 1964, Mr. West carried many messages to anxious families and friends, and offered to replace all Bibles that were destroyed. "Strange how our Bibles become most important during a crisis like this," responded one Alaskan.

Last summer, when floods hit Denver, Mr. and Mrs. West sheltered neighbors who live on lower ground. From their hillside perch at Littleton, they watched the South Platte River swell into a rumbling, debris-filled torrent. Mr. West went to work at his set immediately, relaying emergency messages. When the electric power failed, he scrambled to his car and used his mobile unit until it died.

"Probably my greatest thrill in radio is my work on the Eyebank Network," he wrote not long ago. "This evening a transplant operation is being performed. It would not have been possible except that this morning when we informed the stations on the network of Denver's need, Phoenix offered to supply two eyes. They arrived this afternoon by plane."

All radio amateurs use phonetics to be sure listeners can understand their call letters. A minister friend of Mr. West's, whose own call ends with the letters JIH, uses "Just Invaded Heaven." Hams who know Mr. West's past engineering training sometimes tease him by referring to his call letters EGB as "Engineer Gone Bad." Understandably, he prefers "Everyone's Good Book."

—CAROL M. DOIG

though it does not make headlines as did the march at the Pittsburgh Civic Arena during the 1964 Methodist General Conference.

Mr. Laird criticizes "commitment to the church as an institution." What is wrong with putting laymen to work? If they do their work well, they will be better equipped for Christian witness Monday through Saturday than if they just sit as spectators.

Mr. Laird also knocks the "booming billion-dollar industry" of church building. How long will there be Christian witness if churches are not kept up and new ones built where needed? It is expensive business, but isn't this a part of Christian commitment?

The church does not need renewal by some organized movement. The Christ we serve is able and will renew his church if we as faithful clergy proclaim his message.

Official Attitudes Reflected?

MRS. ROBERT C. LEROY
Dallas, Texas

To what extent do the articles *In Defense of Demonstrations* [August, page 12] and *Why We Must Have Church Renewal* reflect official attitudes of The Methodist Church toward its obligation to participate militantly in political affairs?

Is it reprehensible to believe that the primary function of our Protestant church is to instill Christian virtues and inspire us all to lead better lives? Or do those of us in this group comprise the "deadwood" Mr. Laird would scornfully eject?

The implications of these articles are clear: anything short of ardent activity in the area of social reform is to be condemned. The adherent of "old-fashioned" morality and "eternal" religious truths should be ignored if not treated with disdain. To march in the streets is to serve the cause of humanity; merely to teach a Sunday-school class or lead a congregation in worship is to waste one's energy in unworthy pursuits.

What is to become of "conservatives" (a designation now rapidly becoming an ugly epithet) in The Methodist Church? Will the self-styled torchbearers for the cause of human freedom allow us to have a part in it, or is it to be reserved for those who they believe merit it?

Demonstrations: Another View

MRS. DON MYHRE
State College, Miss.

Mrs. Ernest Cook's letter in the September issue [*Demonstrations No Solution*, page 63] asserts that there is no bitterness among Negroes and whites in the South except that which has been instilled by outside "do-gooders." I

would like to make these two comments.

1. The matter of bitterness among Southerners must be regarded as a question of who is observing whom at what time and in what situation. Even that can be applicable only to the bitterness which becomes apparent.

2. It is true that outside "do-gooders" often expose bitterness, but they do not instill it. Sometimes they can exhume the buried truth, bring it out into the real world where it can be dealt with.

I would not disparage the courage and perseverance of many Southern Negroes and a few Southern whites, but I do believe that some things can be done best by "outsiders," and that some outsiders have done some good in the South. I am thankful for them and look expectantly for the day when we can understand that they were really not outsiders at all.

A Verse That Helps

MRS. WILL G. SNAPP
Lexington, Ky.

Thank you for *A Teacher's Prayer* [September, page 27]. When we teachers have children we can't seem to reach no matter what method we try, and we wonder if they have learned anything at all or if someone else couldn't do a better job than we are doing, it helps, we have found, to remember this little verse by Emily Dickinson:

*They might not need me—yet they might,
I'll let my heart be just in sight.
A smile so small as mine might be
Precisely their necessity.*

Avowal Long Overdue

W. L. DIX
Ocean Grove, N.J.

A loud "Amen" for your bold pronouncement in *The Revolution We Can't Ignore* [October, page 17]. Such an avowal has long been overdue.

If the church is to be vital in this age, it must abandon the oxcart. Christ's teachings and the Christian message must be directed to the problems of men and women instead of being entered in the heavens. The time has arrived when one is not labeled a heretic if he says the "old-time religion" is not good enough for today!

Which Revolution?

WILBUR W. CARTER
Almond, Wis.

Your October *Viewpoint* is superbly definite as to the nature of the "revolution" we cannot ignore.

Every enlightened Christian realizes there is much which the modern church must do to qualify as truly Christian. However, when you talk of "myths, superstitions, and tribal customs," you are exceedingly unspecific. Since Catholicism has "thrown open the win-

dows," just why should Protestants feel so much "shame"?

For long centuries, the Catholic Church has held tenaciously to rules which the rest of the Christian world had outgrown, and the only shame is that it has been so long coming up to date.

Protestantism is a great sinner in her disunity, but she always has discarded obsolete thought forms more promptly than her Catholic sister.

Good Thinking, He Says

KERMIT LONG, General Secretary
Methodist Board of Evangelism
Nashville, Tenn.

Congratulations and thank you for a splendid editorial. *Are Laymen Princes . . . or Pawns?* which appeared in the August issue [page 11] is a dandy. This represents some of the finest thinking on the role of laymen that I have seen or heard in a long time.

Back to School—at 53

MRS. CHARLES KECK
Fox River Grove, Ill.

In *Are Laymen Princes . . . or Pawns?* the proposal to establish "The Society to Prohibit Ecclesiastical Boards and Agencies from Appropriating, Programming, Structuring, and Organizing Renewal in the Church for Institutional Purposes" is the most and best.

Now at the age of 53, with no previous training but a heart full of love and gratitude, I am enthusiastically setting forth on a person-to-person sharing of love with those wonderful people in the Kentucky hollows.

Berea College and the Council of the Southern Mountains encourage and sponsor my efforts. This fall I am to be a student at Berea. This unique Christian college has 90 percent mountain students and 10 percent special, and all must labor. My work will be in community action and tutoring.

Fallen Eagle Revisited


JAMES W. GALLI, Professor
Department of Physics
Morningside College
Sioux City, Iowa

It is interesting how individuals can read the same article and arrive at different ideas of what the author meant, especially if the writing is in the form of an allegory. I refer to *The Fallen Eagle* [July, page 51] and the two critical letters on this story in the September issue [page 64].

My thoughts as I read this article were that the author was trying to show how a mighty nation may be destroyed from within by the greed and avarice of its citizens. Warning signs of such degeneration are the desire for plenty without labor, for freedom without controls, and for wealth without

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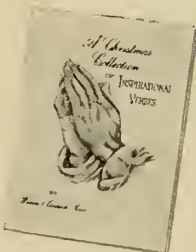
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responsibility. These are trends which, I believe, any observant person can see taking place in this country today.

Certainly the statements of the two letter writers concerning the proud heritage of the United States are well taken, but I believe the intent of Max Holden's story was not to disparage the great ideals upon which this country was founded but to set us thinking about how they are being eroded away and how we might reverse this trend.

Readers Missed Author's Idea

RAY S. WYCOFF, M.D.
Lexington, Nebr.

In the July issue I enjoyed reading *The Fallen Eagle*, not because I could enjoy seeing an eagle in that condition but because I thought how appropriate it was on many occasions when we view our national outlook. Now the two September letter writers seem to have missed this idea which, I cannot help feeling, was the author's intent.

Recently we have read that a bribe of more than \$3 million, offered to an Asian government, was flatly denied by our government even though evidence proved that it actually was offered.

This leads me to wonder if our government is getting so bloated with power that it has become somewhat like the eagle of your article.

No, She Chose Him

JAMES SOLHEIM, Editorial Assistant
The Lutheran Standard
Minneapolis, Minn.

Newman Cryer's popularized story on Martin Luther [*Here Martin Luther Lived . . . and Died*, October, page 35] leaves something to be desired as a piece of historical and theological writing. But the pictures are beautiful, and the article does give the average reader a rather good introduction to one of Christendom's most interesting and influential leaders.

Dr. Luther might take issue with the statement that he chose Katherine von Bora as his wife. It was perhaps truer that she chose him. And as a family magazine, you might have given more attention to Luther's family life. He was quite the husband and father!

We enjoy reading your magazine and commend you especially on such beautiful packaging.

Clippings for the Future

NILE BUCH
Fremont, Nebr.

I would like to commend you for the fine magazine you publish. I have not seen a church publication that can top yours. There is something in *TOGETHER* for every age group. There is a freshness about each article, and the art is tremendous.

When I discovered *TOGETHER*, I asked

a Methodist neighbor for her old issues, and I have clipped and filed many articles. As a future Lutheran minister, I am sure these articles will be very helpful to me in my ministry.

One complaint: I do miss the meditations which were written by four or five ministers each month.

'Pertinent to Issues'

JACKSON W. CARROLL
Princeton Theological Seminary
Princeton, N.J.

Thank you for the excellent job you are doing with *TOGETHER*. The content of recent issues has been excellent both in theological interpretation and journalistic style. More important, it has been exceptionally pertinent to the great issues facing the church today.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION,
OCTOBER 1, 1965 (as required by act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code) of *TOGETHER*, published monthly at 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tennessee 37203, with headquarters and business offices at same address.

John E. Procter certifies that he is Vice-President in Charge of Publishing of said publication and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of ownership, management and circulation of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in caption:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editorial director, editor, and managing editor are:

Publisher, Lovick Pierce, Nashville, Tennessee 37203

Editorial Director, Ewing T. Wayland, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068

Editor, Richard C. Underwood, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068

Managing Editor, Paige Carlin, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068

2. That the owner is the Board of Publication of The Methodist Church, Inc. d/b/a The Methodist Publishing House.

3. That there are no bondholders, mortgages or security holders.

4. That the printing and circulation is as follows:

Total number of copies printed—
Average for preceding 12 months
Single issue nearest filing date
716,417
700,000

Paid Circulation—
Average for preceding 12 months
Single issue nearest filing date
650,405
633,047

Sales through agents or dealers—
none

Free distribution—
Average for preceding 12 months
Single issue nearest filing date
48,743
41,141

Total number of copies distributed—
Average for preceding 12 months
Single issue nearest filing date
699,148
674,188



Pump primer? D. L. Richardson's family picture of John Heineman and children is from our 1958 Invitational.

Calling All Color Photographers:

TOGETHER's 10th PHOTO INVITATIONAL

THIS year's theme: *THE FAMILY*.

There's a memorable story about a man who traveled around the world in a fruitless search for diamonds, only to find them in his own backyard. The same can be said for photographs—the great pictures do not always come from scenic grandeur in faraway places. In fact, we suspect that some of you won't go as far as the back door to come up with a top contender this time.

Portraying the deeper meaning of the all-important family relationship is quite a challenge, we know, but not because of any lack of subject material. The problem of selectivity and treatment provides the challenge!

Remember, we'll pay \$25 for each 35-mm. slide used, \$35 for larger sizes; and February 1, 1966 is the deadline.

HERE ARE THE RULES

1. Send no more than 10 color transparencies. (Color prints or negatives are not eligible.)
2. Identify each slide; explain how it was inspired, where taken, and by whom.
3. Enclose loose stamps for return postage. (Do not stick stamps to anything.)
4. Entries must be postmarked on or before February 1, 1966.
5. Original slides bought and all reproduction rights become TOGETHER's property. (For their files, photographers will receive duplicates of slides purchased.)
6. Slides not accepted will be returned as soon as possible. Care will be used in handling transparencies, but we cannot be responsible for slides lost or damaged.

Send to Photo Editor, TOGETHER • Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068



Fall to Winter

*The ceaseless rhythm and beauty of earth's
seasonal changes inspire reverence and awe.*



Graniteville (Mass.) Methodist Church, as photographed by Mrs. Edna MacDougall of nearby Westford.

AT SOME moment, unclocked in the moonlit solitudes of the frosty forest, a single leaf flames. Life's tiny chemical engines begin shutting down for the long white sleep of winter, and the bright fires of another autumn spread slowly across the land.

It was so eons before men came to build the star-

searching steeple beyond the blue mirror of the lake. Here, from spire on high to pulpit below, is our symbol of unperishing faith—born in part of wonder as we witness the repeated miracle of life after death itself, or seek the master plan behind the never-repeated patterns of snowflakes. —H. B. Teeter



HOW TO MAKE THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS LIVE ALL YEAR

At Christmas, our hearts are filled with good will and thoughts of gift-giving. Even one hopes that the spirit of the holiday revering the birth of Christ will last throughout the coming year. It is this spirit that influences a Methodist Church to see TOGETHER to all its member families. This is an active, concerned church—growing and sharing its faith in a useful and productive way. If your church isn't one of these, ask your pastor about the TOGETHER CHURCH PLAN.

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